

*Last Legislative Election of
an Iowa United States Senator*

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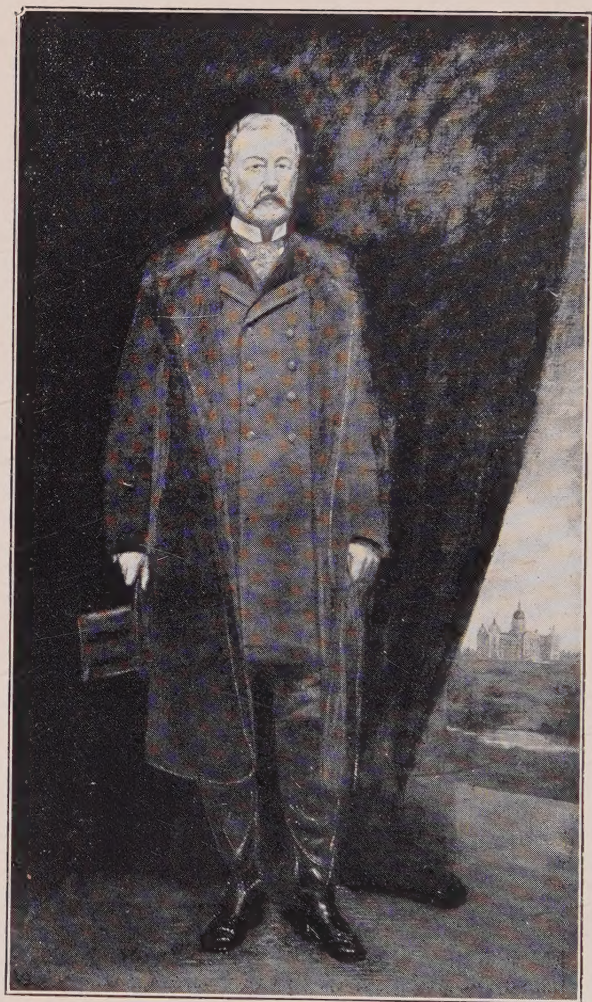
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JOHN A. KASSON

1822-1910

Diplomat — Legislator — Lawyer — Author

From a portrait in oil by Robt. Hinckley in the gallery of
the Iowa State Department of History, Des Moines.

Annals of Iowa

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THIRD SERIES

JOHN A. KASSON

Early Contrasting Environments*

By EDWARD YOUNGER

University of Virginia, Charlottesville

In the early autumn of 1842, as the chill winds descended from the North Pole, 20-year-old John A. Kasson—future Iowa politician and U.S. diplomat—shoved off from the Burlington docks. Having just graduated from the University of Vermont at Burlington, he, like many other young Vermonsters of his day, was headed south to tutor the children of a Virginia planter, if some more attractive job did not turn up en route. Self-confident and gregarious despite his somewhat cloistered and restricted life, this slender, sprightly young man with an independent spirit was filled with ambition, and as he charted his first fortune-seeking course his thoughts eagerly anticipated a broader view of a wider world. Aglow with curiosity, he was determined to observe and learn as much as possible about people and things. Perhaps this voyage would dispel some of the clouds of doubt in his mind as to his choice of a career.

While John had composed transcendental poetry and

* This article is based upon the author's research for a full-length biography of John A. Kasson. For the use of certain letters hereafter referred to as "Wead Collection," the author is indebted to Kasson's relatives, the Misses Eunice and Katharine Wead of Hartford, Connecticut, and Mr. Frederick W. Wead of Boston, Massachusetts. In support of his research on Kasson, the author has received grants from the University of Virginia Institute for Research in the Social Sciences and from the Richmond Area University Center.

extolled American nationality for four years in college, the pall of the depression had worn off. The time to go to school had been propitious, and now the time was opportune for a young college graduate to seek his fortune. For in America an old era had closed and the roaring forties rushed in a new one with illimitable opportunities, but also staggering problems which would put to a severe test the democratic process he had so loudly praised in his themes and orations. In this decade youthful, self-conscious America swaggered westward across the continent toward horizons which never seemed to vanish. In rapid succession came the annexation of Texas, the Mexican war, the acquisition of California and Oregon, and the sizzling gold rush of '49, tingling patriotic pulses, releasing dynamic energy, and at the same time creating in the Republic uneven sectional growth, bitter sectional animosities, and splinter political parties in which ambitious young men might rapidly rise.

Power continued to fall from the hands of professionally-selected leaders into those of popularly-elected representatives from the ranks. Great accumulations were being amassed through industry and finance. In the East, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, to which young men were being lured, were becoming famous, great cities of wealth and opportunity, of prigs and prudes, of fashion and reputed iniquity. The swelling West was persistently demanding more attention to its needs and a greater voice in national affairs. And the fateful question of slavery was being projected more and more into the national limelight. There was talk of cotton lords in the South and wage slaves in the North. In the South territorial and economic growth did not bring social ferment and sharp deviation in men's mode of living and thinking as in the East and Northwest. Here at least the ruling classes continued to cherish old institutions and to emphasize such personal values as men's honor and manners at the expense of the ideals of equality and pub-

lic education. Slavery in Virginia, considered as a curse by prominent leaders a decade before, was now becoming regarded as a positive good.

In this era people read penny newspapers, listened to lectures on animal magnetism, had their heads examined by phrenologists, and swallowed tons of patent medicines. In political campaigns crowds of sixty thousand or more colorfully paraded and chanted in honor of their candidates. The rich dressed richly and the social élite watered at Newport, Saratoga, and the Virginia Springs. As foreign observers journeyed from section to section they were impressed with the diverse nature of American society where a great mass of people were in constant transition. They described a land of crudities, local jealousies, and paradoxes, but also of optimism and easy opportunity where men by working hard could acquire wealth and position. And however numerous the contradictions, the future held bright prospects for John A. Kasson.

On his journey southward, unworldly young John, impressed with his high university training, met in New York George Perkins Marsh, a prominent Burlington lawyer and politician, from whom he received letters of recommendation, and there negotiated for a job. And though he was unable to procure it, he saw enough of New York to consider it "the most corrupt, illiberal, and deceitful city in all North America." Passing on through Philadelphia he was interviewed in Baltimore by the authorities of a private school, who wanted him to take charge of the whole French department for some eighty students. In spite of his vow in Burlington never to turn down a job "from want of an assumption of ability," he felt incompetent to handle so much French. Moreover, he thought they really wanted a "jack-of-all-trades at a paltry salary" in this school which for some reason he did "not deem one of the first order." In the evening he heard a famous professor lecture on the beauty of the English language. The lecture, he thought, was a mass of "tawdry orna-

ments," which "intelligent men" would consider a farce. But Baltimore itself was more pleasant than he had expected. Though black swine roamed the streets, the city was clean, and "whites, blacks, and pigs" were all "quite polite" in contrast to the selfish inhabitants of New York.

Going on to Washington he found a quiet city and few attractions during the recess of congress. Its few magnificent self-conscious, public buildings and isolated private houses were in sharp contrast to Baltimore's red brick and marble structures with their tinkling fountains. It was plain to him that Washington's resources were "those of public patronage"; and the paintings in the nation's capitol and library were "all matter of fact" such as an American artist would select and "an American people approve." Only on the Baptism of Pocahontas did the painter show real genius. From "select circles" in Washington he picked up gossip concerning the Distribution bill, and he learned that the old editor of the *Burlington Sentinel* had "quarters worth \$1,000" in the Post Office department.

In the late days of September he journeyed on down the Potomac to the Big Bend at Aquia creek, the steamboat landing for Fredericksburg, Virginia, and made his way through this town of some 4,000, and wound up at Hagley, the home of John Taliaferro, congressman and planter, whom Kasson came to idealize as personifying the admirable traits of a Virginia gentleman. Now his ship had "been driven into a temporary harbor, the sails furled," and he began his "Notes on Virginia" which, he facetiously wrote, were "doubtless destined to rival those of Jefferson."¹ For the next nine months, in long, gossipy letters, responsive young Kasson kept

¹ Kasson, Hagley near Fredericksburg, to his mother, 27 Sept., 1842. This is the first of six letters upon which the story of Kasson's Virginia experience is primarily based. The originals are in the Alderman Library, University of Virginia, as gifts from Misses Eunice and Katharine Wead and Mr. Frederick W. Wead. See also the same letters with editorial notes and a few deletions: Edward Younger, "A Yankee Reports on Virginia, 1842-1843," *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, LVI (October, 1948), 408-430; S. J. Quinn, *History of Fredericksburg, Va.* (Richmond, 1908), p. 67.

his family posted on Virginians and incidentally revealed many of his own attitudes and aspirations. His "Notes" covered such widely varied subjects as Virginia gentlemen and ladies, slavery and agriculture, politics and mesmerism, religion and education, holidays and weddings, feminine laces and spencers, ice cream and "egg-&-og."

Though the Taliaferros received him warmly and hospitably, desiring him to remain with them, there were unsatisfactory aspects in the situation: Old John Taliaferro's two grandchildren were "quite backward," he informed his mother, apparently meaning that for their ages they were retarded; and it would be unpleasant for him "to go back and teach the elements of a youthful education." Moreover, the salary of \$150 and board and washing were not attractive, although he might have had several hours each day to read law in old John's library. So Kasson, using a letter from G. P. Marsh to George Tucker—a former congressman, an eminent man of letters, and now a professor at the University of Virginia—found a tutoring position in Albemarle county paying \$250 plus board and washing. Before his departure he wrote his brother to find another tutor for the Taliaferros. And he asked his brother Charles to settle with Frederick Billings, a former schoolmate and the future railroad magnate, a small debt against him from the Society of Religious Inquiry.²

As cool nights and crisp autumn breezes sent tawny leaves fluttering to the ground in late November, Kasson traveled by rail and stage to Charlottesville, an easy-going little town sprawling in a deep intervale between wooded foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains. As the crow flew this was some sixty miles southwest of north-tidewater Fredericksburg and about the same distance straight north from Hampden-Sidney college where John's former university professor, James Marsh, had spent profitable years.

² Kasson, Hagley near Fredericksburg, to his brother Charles, 21 Oct., 1842, Wead Coll.

Of all his adventures thus far he must have anticipated this one most eagerly. For Albemarle county in the Virginia Piedmont was noted for the University of Virginia, its great men, genial living, and salubrious climate. In Burlington, Dr. Marsh had told him that it was "the most delightful section and temperature of Virginia, even the Union." Fredericksburg had been too near the river to suit Kasson, but at Charlottesville he expected "a mixture of salt-water and mountain air" to make "a proper medium temperature."³

John undoubtedly had heard much about the galaxy of distinguished leaders produced by this community in which he was now to make his temporary home. People of Albemarle could boast of their presidents, senators, congressmen, supreme court justices, governors, and diplomats. They could point with pride to their author of the Declaration of Independence; their father of the Constitution (who though from an adjacent county, had been so intimate with Jefferson and the university that they claimed him); their father of the Monroe Doctrine; their conqueror of the Old Northwest; and their trail blazer to the Pacific Ocean. The county reeked with history significant to state and nation, and the atmosphere was pervasive with the spirit of lustrous statesmen.⁴

When Kasson reached Charlottesville, fresh out of college himself, he immediately visited the university, a "most enchanting place," he described it, with its "beautiful sloping lawn" surrounded by professors' homes connected together by an arcade and set off at one end by a classical rotunda containing library and lecture rooms. All in one day he attended a few lectures, became acquainted with three or four professors, and visited at length with two of them.

Professor George Tucker invited him into his home, but John, hasty in his judgment at his age, as he was

³ Ibid.; Mary Rawlings, ed., *Early Charlottesville . . . 1828-1874*, (Charlottesville, 1942), *passim*.

⁴ P. A. Bruce, *History of the University of Virginia, 1819-1919* (N.Y., 1920), I, 103-04, 110-115.

later to advise young men not to be, apparently did not enjoy the visit. Mrs. Tucker, he wrote his sister, was a "vain, affected, and deceitful woman . . . in possession of her fourth husband," while Professor Tucker, in possession of his third wife, was "vain and selfish." Though they "would like to entertain the rich and proud," Kasson thought they had "no genuine hospitality in a single vein" despite "their display of silver plate and fashion." Tucker was then widely known as a lawyer, author, and legislator. His urbanity, vivid imagination, sparkling sense of humor, and quick, emotional disposition were not always appreciated even by his faculty colleagues. It is not therefore surprising that sensitive young Kasson was unfavorably impressed with him. On the other hand Judge Henry St. George Tucker, popular professor of law, impressed him as a "true gentleman" whose acquaintance he valued highly.⁵

Student life at the University of Virginia presented some sharp contrasts to Kasson's college days at the University of Vermont. Early experiments in Jefferson's university with mild student government, administered by student censors and foreign professors, proved disappointing. When high-strung and fun-loving youths from individualistic families of high social rank, where drinking and gaming were usual, found themselves in uniform and subjected to elaborate rules of discipline, they struck back; and the ten years preceding Kasson's visit were fraught with riots, duels, and violent pranks. One professor was horsewhipped and murdered before the honor system, initiated by Henry St. George Tucker, the very session of Kasson's visit, solved the problem of discipline. Moreover, Jefferson's hope that the bright sons of indigent parents might enroll in numbers proved illusory. Instead, most of the students came from the social rank of the well-to-do in Virginia and the lower

⁵ Kasson, Keelona near Charlottesville to his sister Maria, 22 Nov., 1842, Wead Coll.; Sketch of Tucker by Broadus Mitchell in *D.A.B.*, XIX, 28-30; Malcolm Lester, *George Tucker: His Early Life and Public Service, 1775-1825* (M. A. Thesis, U. Va., 1946), *passim*; Gates, *Men of Mark*, II, 86.

South, creating the popular impression that it was an institution of the socially-inclined wealthy.⁶

John Kasson was shocked. "You never heard of such extravagance," he reported to Charles. "One (student) spent \$1,400.00 in 4 or 5 months; and a thousand per session (10 months) I believe is quite usual. A great many high-blood Southrons resort here from all the Southern states."⁷ He probably did not know that officials of the university had been alarmed at its reputation as a "seminary of the wealthy" for fear among other reasons that taxpayers and the general assembly would not support it.⁸

Vowing to return to the university and get better acquainted with Judge Henry St. George Tucker, John took the red dirt road which wound east and south through a steep gap, separating Jefferson's Monticello on the left from Carter's Mountain on the right. A mile farther he passed Ashlawn, former home of James Monroe, and then turning south behind Carter's Mountain, he entered a cozy, wooded community interspersed with small plantations three or four miles apart. One of these plantations, ten miles from Charlottesville, was Keelona, the home of Isaac White, whose children Kasson was to tutor. From here he could see the low, wooded summit of Green Mountain, the southwestern fringe of the Carter's Mountain neighborhood. Within the general vicinity were some half dozen other New England tutors.

For the next eight months Kasson here lived among slave-holders and broadened his background in a genteel society of easy comfort, leisurely living, and intellectual vigor—the sunset glow of a golden era of antebellum Albemarle social intercourse and private entertaining still influenced by Jefferson's cosmopolitan spirit. He came into contact with such people prominent in the affairs of the state and nation as the Carters

⁶ Abernethy, *U. Va.*, 9-12; Bruce, *U. Va.*, II, 246-336.

⁷ Kasson, Keelona near Charlottesville, to his brother Charles, 4 Feb., 1843, Wead Coll.

⁸ Bruce, *U. Va.*, II, 70.

of Redlands, the Coleses of Estouteville and Enniscorthy, the Randolphs of Sharon, the Riveses of Sherwood, and the Stevensons later of Blenheim.⁹ He was keenly interested in the mode of life of these people living in their famous ancestral homes. Sometimes critical, sometimes complimentary, he was always observant, and apparently learned to mix well with them. In the end he found himself liking them. Though mildly critical of their institution of slavery, his views toward ameliorating the problem, even when his people were arrayed against these people in arms, were characterized by moderation. And impressionable young Kasson was plainly impressed with those personal and social attributes invariably associated with old Virginia gentlemen and statesmen. They were not only traits to be admired but also to be acquired.

At Keelona John "fell into the embraces" of a "petulant . . . pack" of seven children, the tallest running up to six feet two. One was too young for school, but two from a neighboring family made eight to be instructed. They were all "kind and clever" toward him and two or three were "passably good scholars." The Whites were Baptists who once had lived at a more famous residence called Farmington. Keelona which they now occupied was an old log house enlarged and clapboarded. It was an unpretentious building, one and a half stories high, L-shaped, and low-ceilinged. John occupied the attic space where his head barely cleared the ridgepole and where cold, wintry winds (even then considered unusual by Albemarlans) provided plenty of fresh air so anxiously recommended by the family when he left Burlington. Old man White, who owned some forty slaves and farmed about 800 acres, was tall, lean and "tight," but Mrs. White, who

⁹ Mary Rawlings, *Albemarle of Other Days* (Charlottesville, 1925), pp. 109-140, and *Ante-Bellum Albemarle* (Charlottesville, 1935), *passim.*; Edgar Woods, *Albemarle County in Virginia* (Charlottesville, 1901), *passim.*; Alexander Brown, *The Cabells and Their Kin* (Richmond, 1939), pp. 479-80; A. G. Coles, *The Coles Family of Virginia* (New York, 1931), pp. 641 ff.

mended John's clothes, was fatter and hence more "liberal."¹⁰

Betty White, the oldest child, must have been a tantalizing student for a 20-year-old masculine tutor. This popular and marriageable young lady with large black eyes and raven hair was "well bred and well disposed" as Kasson described her. An accomplished pianist she played for him the "magnificent" *Soldier's Burial* and the "agreeably funny" *Lucy Long*. But however great her charms might have been he seems not unhappy when she told him to regard her as a sister or when later she was married. To her John spoke jestingly for his brother Charles but not for himself. Apparently at this stage of his life he was not wife-hunting. Girls were things not to be courted but vain, gossiping things lightly to be gossiped with and about. Women the world over were "vanity and vexation of the spirit" and men of sense should leave them alone, he half-humorously reported to his sister. He was content to describe meticulously for his brother Betty's attire as she departed for a dance dressed in a short-sleeved white satin gown covered richly with laces and tassels, a jewel on her breast and orange blossoms in her raven black hair.

She took him here and there in the neighborhood to dinner parties where he realized his ambition to meet the leading families and other interesting people. At one affair he conversed with small and witty Elizabeth Mitchell, the young daughter of a famous Philadelphia physician and former Virginian whose experiments in mesmerism she told him about. In time she was to become the intellectual companion of the young minister, Phillips Brooks of later great fame; and though as a spinster she was to die of a cruel, long-suffering disease, John Kasson many years later was to find an interesting friend in her brother, Weir Mitchell, eminent neurologist and popular novelist of the Gilded

¹⁰ Kasson, Keelona near Charlottesville, to his sister Maria, 22 Nov., 1842, Wead Coll.; Albemarle County Records, Deed Books, Vols. 28, 29, 31, 38, 42, 44.

Age. At another party he met an exciting widow, Mrs. Margaret (Pollard) Henderson, whose husband had committed suicide. The niece of United States Senator William Cabell Rives, she had received "the address of 3 or 4 foreign ministers" and under the pen name of Maia she wrote "good prose and very good poetry" for the *Southern Literary Messenger*. John found her an excellent conversationalist except for a "little drawl." She owned a fine estate and John "putting romance and reality together" humorously recommended her to the attention of his brother.¹¹

Other subjects were equally as interesting to John as women. As he and Betty trotted their horses over the countryside and chatted with neighbors, his keen eye observed that times were shockingly hard. As on Vermont farms the soil had grown thin and unproductive because of careless and wasteful agricultural practices. And the "niggers," though uniformly treated with kindness, "are as lazy as the land is lean," he informed his brother. Moreover, the slaves (called servants in Virginia) "consumed all that could be produced" from the prevailing crops of wheat, corn, and tobacco. Farmers therefore were leaving the county for the virgin soils of the West. There was an exodus to Missouri, where Isaac White, embarrassed at insufficient cash to pay Kasson till summer harvest, thought of going.

Some families had already freed their slaves and since the time of Jefferson there had been a strong anti-slavery feeling in the county. Some twenty years previously Edward Coles from a nearby plantation had loaded his household and slaves on wagons and emigrated to free soil Illinois, emancipating his slaves and becoming the anti-slavery governor of the state. Some still contemplated emancipation; others suspiciously regarded Yankee tutors as abolitionists, and Kasson's

¹¹ Kasson, Keelona, to his brother Charles, 27 Dec., 1842 and 4 Feb., 1843, Wead Coll.; A. R. Burr, *Weir Mitchell* . . . (N.Y., 1929), pp. 33, 227-230, 161; Earnest Earnest, *S. Weir Mitchell* . . . (Philadelphia, 1950), pp. 11, 65-68; Weir Mitchell to Kasson, 25 Dec., 1895, Wead Coll.

friend, a young Yale graduate, was dismissed from a plantation a few miles away because he meddled with the slaves. John himself was apparently more circumspect though he had remarked at dinner on the same plantation that he "could not but admire . . . a servant in the act of seeking its freedom." An attempt to escape for so noble an aspiration "could not be reprehensible." But John's observations of the slave system in Virginia must not have made him a rabid anti-slavery man as was later claimed in Iowa and Vermont, for in time he himself was to own slaves.¹²

Kasson thought gossip was the main topic of conversation in Albemarle "higher society" where the "want of religious feeling and religious influence" betrayed itself. He also considered the colleges and high schools inferior. Then why, he wondered, had Virginians become in the past such sound men in public life? Setting himself to the task of answering this question he revealed some of his own aspirations.

The genuine, old Virginian with his "undeviating good sense" made no effort to display himself as young men frequently did in the North, according to John Kasson. Rather, he had a "natural air of kindness — not an air of patronism — but of truest civility" that made one feel completely at home. Into official relations he carried personal ease and the absence of uncertainty and excitement, making personal and political friends and waxing great with the occasion. These qualities, declared John, would hardly be termed "good common sense" in New England but they were in reality "a sort of universal instinctive benevolence and intelligence, which made a Washington, Madison, and Jefferson." Gratefully responsive to the courtesy accorded him, Kasson resolved "that if Providence ever favors me with a roof large enough to cover two, the scriptural injunction to use hospitality shall be remembered among my most prominent virtues." And furthermore in the future he would lend a helping hand to aspiring

¹² Kasson to his brother Charles, 21 Oct., 1842 and 4 Feb., 1843, Wead Coll.; Rawlings, *Albemarle of Other Days*, pp. 133-36.

young men who at "the beginning of the race" were "more ardent in their gratitude" and remembered kindness longer than any other age. Old John Taliaferro of Hagley, who let him use his congressional frank when postage was high and who had lost thousands of dollars serving others, was Kasson's ideal "worthy to be my example" as he put it. He was so deeply impressed with Taliaferro that a decade later, as a bright young lawyer from St. Louis, he paid him a call in Washington.

Virginians were more "epicurean" than in the North where men's heads were filled "with business and nothing but business." The ladies demanded "ease and elegance in manner," which John thought he had sacrificed to hard study in college. Therefore, he informed his brother, he was applying himself to the "lesson of conversation" which he "sturdily refused at home." Virginians also paid much attention to personal appearance and soon Kasson was buying a new overcoat worth six dollars despite his scanty supply of cash. He ended his chapter "on the construction of great men in Virginia" with a statement significant in explaining the development of a man later noted for his urbanity and polite manners: ". . . there seems no place for learning *true* politeness like the society of the old-school Virginians, and if a year's residence could teach it to me beyond forgetfulness, I should secure to myself a valuable recompense for the time."¹³

Certainly here was good training for a budding diplomat, but more dubious was its value for the rough and tumble politics of the West, say Iowa, where unpolished personalities were frequently more popular.

And John's preference for politics and law began to emerge during his Virginia sojourn. He showed a keen interest in his brother's political activities at home. He heard that Charles D. Kasson had become a colonel in the state militia, that he stood at the head "in business" of the largest bar in Vermont, and that

¹³ Kasson to his brother Charles, 22 Nov., 1842; 27 Dec., 1842; 4 Feb., 1843; 12 June, 1843, Wead Coll.

he was contemplating the establishment of a newspaper in order "to break up old cliques" and break down "worthless newspapers." Both Charles and his law partner Lyman were deeply immersed in Vermont politics, and John eagerly anticipated their attending the next National Democratic convention. When John learned that efforts were being made to line up delegates for Buchanan he was highly pleased, for he himself was already corresponding with an intimate of the Pennsylvanian. Such correspondence, he wrote, "might not be in vain for the individual interest" of the correspondents if Buchanan were nominated. When Charles intimated that either Lyman or himself might come to Virginia on a political mission, John urged the value of a visit to the Virginia Springs. He himself felt "compelled" to visit the Springs ostensibly because of "salt" rheumatism, but also undoubtedly because the South's social and political upper crust resorted there. He heard from "select circles" in Albemarle county that John Calhoun had "overleaped" himself politically. He kept abreast of national affairs from the *New York Evening Post*, which came to him from Burlington "like an old friend."¹⁴

An old acquaintance wrote him from Kentucky that he had given up a one-time fondly-cherished theological career for law and found the latter attractive. As Kasson approached his twenty-first birthday he weighed carefully his own professional aptitudes. A theological career would perpetuate his "bilious temperament of mind," he explained to Charles, while law would have a contrary tendency. Moreover, his "cranial inclinations" were antagonistic to pastoral duties which would bring him to his grave in ten years. If Conscience faintly whispered that Duty demanded the ministry, could not the influence and money acquired in a business life be expended "to produce results as beneficial as a direct appropriation of my person to the pulpit?" he queried. Charles still held open his offer to let him

¹⁴ Ibid. See also letter for 21 Oct., 1842, Wead Coll.

"dabble in a legal way" in his office. And John declared, "I do *know* that with God's blessings I could succeed in law."¹⁵

As the soft, spring air of the Virginia Piedmont gave way to steaming hot sun in early July, 1843, John Kasson reluctantly bade farewell to the "pleasant" people around Keelona to whom he had become "quite attached." He was returning home now to commence his law studies presumably in Charles' office. In New York he would meet his brother Chester, who had drifted on down from Albany, and perhaps his sister Mary, who expected to visit Chester. At home he could exchange stories with his sister Maria, just returned from Mary Lyon's Mt. Holyoke seminary whose combination of the domestic work and literary department both she and John disliked.¹⁶ In Burlington he would perhaps hear that young men continued to go West and that a few of the more ambitious were turning their faces toward the East for careers in such cultural centers as Boston.

To John Kasson as he read law in his brother's office in the autumn of 1843 the lure of a more exciting life seemed irresistible. It was one thing to study law in Burlington, but to practice it there with Charles, as his family urged, was an entirely different matter. Instead of Vermont or the West, the cultural center of Boston beckoned him. When he laid bare his ambitions at home he met only opposition, and as winter approached he quietly slipped away without adieus. He had little money with him and his ultimate destination was vague.

Still pondering his fate he reached Boston, wandered aimlessly, and finally resolved to go to sea. Trodding from wharf to wharf, the gusty cold winds rushing in from the Atlantic, he could find employment only on an old schooner. As suspicious of the schooner's seaworthiness as the skipper was of Kasson's seamanship, he lost his ardor for a cruise, and as the New Year

¹⁵ Ibid., 27 Dec., 1842 and 4 Feb., 1843, Wead Coll.

¹⁶ Maria H. Kasson, Mt. Holyoke, to her mother and sister, 13 April and 2 May, 1843, in Smith College Women's Collection.

dawned he turned inland to Worcester, about forty miles to the west.¹⁷

Worcester, with its whitest of white buildings, looking as if they had been painted that morning, was a "pretty New England town," according to Charles Dickens, who visited there two years earlier. With a population of about 12,000 and the heart of a leading agricultural county, it was rapidly becoming a railroad center. More important to Kasson it was the most famous town in the state for prominent lawyers with the exception of Boston, and it was perhaps no accident that he made it his eventual destination. With him he carried a letter from the secretary of state of Vermont who recommended him as a "gentleman of pure character and of a reflective mind of much more than ordinary ability." If he had no letters from the well-known Marsh cousins of Burlington he could still use their names.¹⁸

On the same day of his arrival with only seventy-five cents in his pocket John entered the law office of Emory Washburn, "formerly an acquaintance of G. P. Marsh." Washburn had the largest law practice in Massachusetts west of Boston. Almost thirty years earlier he had attended college at Dartmouth with G. P. Marsh, James Marsh, and Rufus Choate. Soon he was to become a state judge, Whig governor, and finally a revered instructor of law at Harvard. With an even and sunny temper he made young people feel that they were the special object of his solicitous interest. John Kasson aspired in vain to fall heir eventually to his wide law practice which in time was inherited by another rising, young lawyer named George F. Hoar.

Soon after John entered Washburn's office, according

¹⁷ Kasson's own biographical sketch (typed manuscript) in Kasson Papers, Iowa State Dept. of History and Archives, Des Moines; *Iowa State Register* (W), 27 Aug., 1862.

¹⁸ Charles Dickens, *American Notes* . . . (London, 1842), pp. 78-9; George F. Hoar, *Autobiography for Seventy Years* (N.Y., 1903), I, 160-68; J. Mc. M. Shafter, Secy. of St. of Vt., to Whom It May Concern, 19 Jan., 1844, Aldrich Papers, Vol. II, Iowa State Dept. of History and Archives, Des Moines.

to a story later told in Iowa, a client requested advice during the absence of other members of the firm. Kasson gave it and charged two dollars. Washburn's junior partner soon returned and when John turned over the fee he coolly took it all to the keen disappointment of Kasson, whose seventy-five cents had disappeared.¹⁹

Hard pressed for cash John appealed to his brother for long-term loans rather than accept funds from his mother's savings. When he requested money the "merry mood" was seldom on him and his letters were "sad" and "depressed." Charles urged him to throw off "all such depressions" and promised funds, but only under certain stipulations which prompted John to fire back with an independence perhaps not surprising: ". . . one request for a favor without any legal obligation is enough for one man to make to another; and if declined there's an end of the matter with me. Take my bread but leave me the consciousness of well sustained sentiments of honor and it is bread enough." When he died, he declared, he wanted men to look upon his life stained by no "dishonorable act" nor "servile supplication." "And I ask you to watch me hereafter, when men begin to look at me, and mark if ever for the sake of place or prominence before the public . . . I am guilty of those things. . . . That word money has with me been a bitter thing," he grumbled on. "It has depressed my mind, deprived me of privileges, narrowed my thoughts and qualifications, excluded me from society, and sent shame into my face . . ."

Though he did not intend to use "that word" again he was determined henceforth to make his own decisions. ". . . Charles, I am weary, weary of opposition," he implored. Though he had always laid his plans before his family, they had never met with concurrence. Now he had to have approbation or nothing at all. He

¹⁹ Sketch of Washburn by Zechariah Chafee, Jr. in *D.A.B.*, XIX, 499; Hoar, *Autobiography*, I, 160-68; *The Western Life-Boat*, A. Monthly Magazine of Biography, History and Geography, XIV (Des Moines, 1872); Kasson, Worcester, to his brother Charles, 30 Jan., 1844, Wead Coll.

wanted his mother to know that he was "not going to be lost" as one of her letters implied. "By blessing of God," he confidently affirmed, "I am going to succeed, as in 5 years from this time she will most joyously acknowledge, and perhaps in three."

John Kasson surveyed the possibilities of a legal career in Worcester and found them good. Judge Charles Allen, a rising Free Soil politician, would soon resign from the bench and go into private practice inheriting the clients of Washburn who it was rumored was to be promoted to a judgeship. Kasson, unduly optimistic, hoped to become Allen's partner. As a successful lawyer in Worcester, he might in time move on to Boston taking his clients with him. In any event he considered Massachusetts with its six state courts and numerous Boston courts to offer advantages superior to those of any other New England state.²⁰ He could be admitted to the bar upon completing three years study; or better still, if he could pass a legal "inquisition . . . more or less severe" he could be admitted "as quick as Patrick Henry." It was an "impossible supposition," he informed his mother, that he would fail to pass the bar examinations.

Rejecting a proffered partnership in Vermont with his brother and giving his reasons, he disclosed his political ambitions and showed some insight as a political prophet:

" . . . to me it seems heinous to settle down in that little hilly state, and simultaneously resign all hopes of progress and preferment [sic.] To become a Whig I cannot; to surrender my democratic predilections I cannot, and I am unwilling to give up hopes of political advancement when the season shall come for it. Although this state is equally Whiggish, it will not be long before the third party will control matters here. There is a large class of first young men in Boston, and old men everywhere who are disconnected partially or totally from the Whig party, and entirely in favor of Abolition principles. And this Texas matter is making them spring up like toadstools in the rain. The Whigs are far more

²⁰ Kasson, Worcester, to his brother Charles, 19 Apr., 1844, Wead Coll.

ready to act with the Democrats than with themselves.
 . . . Now and then a little Ohio fever comes over me."²¹

Kasson made these statements three days after the first telegraph line had brought word to Washington that in Baltimore the Democrats had nominated expansionist James K. Polk. A year earlier John Tyler had initiated a treaty for the annexation of Texas, and, at the moment Kasson wrote, it was under attack in the senate by Whigs and anti-slavery men generally. Polk's election in the fall, interpreted as a green light for annexation, and Tyler's forcing the treaty through congress the next spring by means of a joint resolution, stimulated in Massachusetts a closely-knit and aggressive anti-slavery faction in the Whig party. The leaders of this faction joined by Locofoco Democrats became the leaders of the later Free Soil and Republican parties.²² There is no evidence that John Kasson at this time held radical anti-slavery views, but his "democratic predilections" if carried to a logical end would eventually put him in the anti-slavery ranks. At the age of twenty-two, however, he was primarily interested in his law studies, in the performance of eminent lawyers, in the doings around Boston, and in whatever opportunities might arise out of the prevailing political flux.

Kasson was deeply impressed with Lemuel Shaw, state supreme justice and Webster Whig, whose greatness Oliver Wendell Holmes later said "lay in an accurate appreciation of the requirements of the community." A few years before Kasson saw him preside in Worcester, Shaw, in an epochal decision, had sounded the death knell for indictments of labor unions as criminal conspiracies. John thought his personal appearance remarkable "with his neck and mouth swallowed in a shirt collar, his eyes covered with spectacles and his forehead with the hair of his whig, leaving only the nose to indicate the judge." But when he opened

²¹ *Ibid.*, 31 May, 1844.

²² W. G. Bean, *Party Transformation in Massachusetts . . . 1848-1860* (Ph. D. Dissertation, Harvard), p. 8 ff.

his mouth there came out "the most eloquent flow of legal language" John ever heard. The clear manner in which he set forth the law was "charming," and his "perfect self-possession" caused the bar to fear and respect him.²³

If charmed by Judge Shaw, John was entranced by Ole Bull, the Swedish violinist, traveling virtuoso, and showman, who before appearing at staid old Boston in the late spring had completed a tour of the raw American hinterland where as the common people's ideal of a great musician he won fantastic acclaim. In reference to Maine, Oregon and Texas he pleased expansionistic audiences by announcing: "John Bull goes out and Ole Bull comes in." From Boston John Kasson hurried back to Worcester to write pages to his family while his "heart and memory" were overflowing with entrancing music from the "greatest living musician in the world." With fingers "composed of nerves sprung from lightening" Bull brought the crowded Melodion to the "stillness of death." "Orpheus . . . lives still," John declared, "and I heard him draw the stocks and stones from their farms all around Boston . . . and charm them for nearly two hours and a half." Others like the Longfellows, Emerson, and Margaret Fuller were also impressed with the performance, and young ladies fell in love with tall, handsome Bull whom John described to be much like his brother in build and "decidedly a Yankee, *except*" for his "courtly and graceful" bow.²⁴

John found Boston packed with humanity not only to hear Ole Bull but also to attend a great, mass temperance convention. People numbering "tens of thousands" assembled on the Commons, sleeping on the ground and floor when rooms were filled. A friendly clerk responding to John's humor and "good temper"

²³ A. M. Schlesinger, Jr., *The Age of Jackson* (Boston, 1945), p. 340; Kasson, Worcester, to his brother Charles, 19 Apr., 1844, Wead Coll.

²⁴ Mortimer Smith, *The Life of Ole Bull* (Princeton, 1947), pp. 44, 48, 59-62; Kasson, Worcester, to his brother Charles, 31 May, 1844, Wead Coll.

provided him with a single bed "reserved for favored strangers" in Marlboro chapel. As he returned on the train a spark landed in his eye and kept him half blind till he reached home.

In Worcester Kasson undoubtedly became familiar also with the activities of the Learned Blacksmith, Elihu Burritt. As a young man in New Britain, Connecticut, Burritt shared his time at the anvil with study in mathematics and languages. Following the financial crash of 1837, he walked all the way to Boston where he sought vainly a place to ply his trade and continue his studies. Turning to Worcester he found ready employment as a blacksmith and easy access to the rare library of the Antiquarian Society. When Kasson reached Worcester, Burritt had become famous as a lecturer and reformer. He had already started a weekly paper devoted to peace, temperance, and cheap postage. Two years later he was to make an extended tour of England advocating peace and a universal penny post.²⁵

John Kasson made a point of mixing in the local environment. In late May he requested a small bill from Charles for incidentals. He had just bought a coat, hat, pants, and umbrella; for he had been invited to membership in "the club," a little select *conversation* of ladies and gentlemen once a fortnight. This was soon after that (previous) remittance: "now that ought to make the mare go!"

Meanwhile he buried himself deeply in his studies, and within five months he had read under Washburn's direction twenty-seven volumes in law and equity. With so large an acquisition of legal knowledge he compared himself with the Great Western in dock at Bristol: ". . . there's no chance for her wheels to play, though her hold contains abundance of fuel. . . . Let me get into the ocean once, and fairly into deep water, and see if the spray does not fly!"²⁶

²⁵ Charles Northend, *Elihu Burritt* . . . (New York, 1879), pp. 13-33.

²⁶ Kasson, Worcester, to his brother Charles, 31 May, 1844, Wead Coll.

The autumn of 1844 found John Kasson in "deep water." In late summer he followed Washburn, now a judge, to Lowell and was there admitted to the bar in Washburn's court. In Boston Rufus Choate advised him to establish in one of the smaller towns like New Bedford a clientele which might later follow him to Boston. In late September he exultantly informed his mother, "Didn't I tell you I *should* succeed?" Three weeks earlier he had reached the whaling port of New Bedford, and in the interim he had found a job as an apprentice in a law office and had already collected his first legal fee.²⁷

Thirteen busy years were to hurry by before John A. Kasson was to appear on the Iowa scene. For six years at the romantic and booming old port of New Bedford he was to prove his competence as a lawyer, sharpen his spurs for politics, discipline himself in the ways of the world, woo and win a wife, and pass from adolescence to manhood. For the next seven years in St. Louis, under the influence of Southern, Western, and border-state men, he was to continue to enrich his experience in law and politics.

Just as Charlottesville, Virginia, and Worcester, Massachusetts, had been contrasting environments, so were New Bedford and St. Louis; and these contrasting experiences in part account for the urbane, moderate, and politically-wise Kasson, who was to zoom up in Iowa politics during the four years immediately preceding the Civil war and to loom large as a political leader in the era from Lincoln to McKinley.

²⁷ *Western Life-Boat*, XIV (1872); *Sioux City Journal* (Iowa), 9 June, 1907; Kasson, New Bedford, to his brother Charles, 25 Sept., 1844, Wead Coll.

The Last Legislative Election of An Iowa United States Senator

By LESLIE E. FRANCIS

TO THE ANNALS EDITOR: I was pleased, Emory, when you asked me to tell the story of the last election of a United States senator by the legislature of Iowa. I anticipated pleasure and some excitement in preparing the article for you. It is now completed and I am writing the END at the Beginning!

It has been fun to bring back the memories of forty-one years; but an occasional tear has fallen as I have thought of those great and good men, now nearly all gone to their reward. Almost alone I look back upon that long winter of 1911, when we marched from senate to house each day seeking in joint session to agree upon a man to represent Iowa in the senate of the United States.

At last, on the 12th day of April, 1911, conflicting minds met and William S. Kenyon, of Fort Dodge, was elected to faithfully serve Iowa as senator for a half-score of years.

I have examined records and newspapers to confirm my memory, but the events of January, February, March and half of April, 1911, were so fixed in my mind that little confirmation was required.—AUTHOR.

STORY OF NINETEEN ELEVEN

A few years after my admission to the practice of law I was in Fort Dodge with some small matter to present to the court. The courtroom was well filled with spectators and a very large number of lawyers. I did not see the judge—in fact did not know who was holding court there that day. Presently came a loud knock on a closed door at the south-east corner of the room and a bailiff ordered everyone to stand. Then the door opened, a man stepped into the courtroom, and the bailiff opened court. I was deeply impressed with this man. I thought:

“He is awfully young to be a judge of the district court.”

“He is certainly a fine looking man.”

"I like that fellow."

"I would trust that man anywhere."

That man was Judge William S. Kenyon.

Elsewhere I had found the judge down among the attorneys before court opened. In this instance Judge Kenyon's court opened with all the dignity and aplomb of the Supreme Court of Iowa. It did not appeal to me as an excessive evidence of power, but rather an act of a man who knew his place and filled it. This judge stood for a moment looking over the courtroom with a friendly smile, then took his seat on the bench and in a moment the business of the term was in full swing. For some reason I had never forgotten that day. Many years passed before I again met him and he was then a candidate for election to the senate of the United States.

A YOUTH'S GLORIFIED IDOLS

My father was an old soldier; in fact, I was an old soldier in spirit. From my earliest youth I had been thrilled by the stories told by the old soldier, then a power in the land. I walked miles to attend old soldiers' "Camp Fires." The railroad had built a very wonderful hotel on the south banks of Spirit Lake, later torn down, and the "great" of the land came there in summer. Often I would walk from the farm to this hotel, just to look for a few moments upon the men who represented the government of the United States. Sometimes one of those great men would attend an old soldiers' "Camp Fire" and speak. I managed to be present at such an event. One such speaker impressed me above all others. He was a congressman from Tipton, Iowa, very young, very handsome, and a speaker the equal of any person I have ever heard.

He stood before the heights, his to surmount, but the temptations of Washington overcame him and he fell. He enters this recital for reasons which will appear as you read on.

He was Bob Cousins.

At Spirit Lake the second Chautauqua in the land

was organized. For a dozen years it prospered. No man was too great to refuse to grace its platform. I missed no entertainment offered and was thrilled to my marrow by the splendid oratory, the entrancing music, the plays produced upon that stage. Of all those who reached my heart was a young congressman from Fort Dodge. He enlivened with wit, he touched your soul with pathos, he lifted the spirit with words.

He debated upon our platform with another young congressman from Missouri. Their political beliefs were widely apart, they hammered each other without gloves, they drew people for miles around, and none felt that the admission charged was too much.

The young congressman from Fort Dodge was Jonathan P. Dolliver.

The young congressman from the state to the south was Champ Clark.

Upon the lives and words of such men was my youth passed in glory.

You may wonder why I tell you of these men in this story of the last election by the legislature of a United States senator. Read on and you will see how it would be impossible for me to omit one of them — to me they are so much a unit that to leave one out would make dreary and unprofitable this story I am about to tell.

THE SENATORIAL SUCCESSION

Senator Gear died in 1900 and Governor Shaw appointed Mr. Dolliver to the senate. There he served with distinction. He passed on and Governor Carroll named Lafe Young of Des Moines to take Mr. Dolliver's seat in the senate.

Then came the deluge!

The Republican party was torn into two rival camps — Standpatters and Progressives. Albert B. Cummins had become Governor, and after two terms sought a third. George D. Perkins, of Sioux City, had been in congress from the old eleventh district. He wanted to be governor of Iowa. And so these giants of the hust-

ings met in mortal combat. Cummins did not spare his opponent — Perkins fought in the spirit of the gladiator, "Lay on McDuff, and damned be him that first cries Hold, Enough!" Cummins' voice gave out toward the end of the campaign and Perkins closed with the announcement that "his voice and his CONSCIENCE" were still in good order.

I speak of this conflict because of its direct connection with the long winter of marching and counter-marching from senate to house and back, with the daily roll call upon election of a United States senator; for the memories and the wounds of 1906 still waxed strong and hot in the short winter days of 1911.

In one thing at least, it was felt that both Standpatter and Progressive could agree — that was a memorial service for Senator Dolliver. And so when I was asked to be chairman of the committee for arranging this service, and I was happy to accept, I remembered those debates at Spirit Lake and the speeches before Republican conventions, but above all, those occasions when Dolliver, enlivened by a few draughts from the cup that cheers, would take the floor at private meetings in his rooms. He would walk back and forth for hours, speaking with all the eloquence that graced the halls of congress, upon every subject that entered his mind at the moment, from the Glory that was Greece to the Decline and Fall of Rome! And persons who listened to one of these monologues will, I am sure, still remember.

As chairman of the committee it was my duty to aid in the selection of a speaker — someone who could rise equal to the great occasion we had planned. Many were suggested. Finally Representative Zeller of Madison county came to me with a plea for Bob Cousins. He told me that Bob had risen above the temptations of his Washington days, and that this honor would give him new courage. In thought I was wafted back to the years of my youth when Bob Cousins and his eloquence brought forth "rebel yells" from the old sol-

diers assembled upon the banks of our dear lakes, and I pictured in my mind the thrills when life was all before me. I accepted and Bob Cousins became our speaker.¹

The day came and Bob was escorted before the legislature. Senator Larrabee led Bob to the speaker's stand. He was greeted with great applause. No one ever faced a finer audience or had a more splendid chance to rise again to the heights. But his old enemy was again in control; and Bob failed.

Mr. Cousins and Mr. Dolliver had been in the national congress together. They had formerly been much of the same opinion upon many public questions, but had drifted apart. Mr. Cousins took that occasion to assail Mr. Dolliver. It was a very amazing and pitiful affair. Had Mr. Dolliver been living and there to protect himself, such an attack might under some circumstances have been excusable, but Mr. Dolliver was dead, this was a memorial. I could not avoid a feeling of personal responsibility.

When the meeting was adjourned Senator Larrabee and I took Mr. Cousins' printed address, for he had prepared and had it printed for distribution, and struck out every objectionable statement. Today I went over to the Historical building and reread that address, as it now appears in the record. I was amazed to find it to be a perfect specimen of the orator's art. I have seldom read anything better. It is a masterpiece, a credit to any orator of any nation or time. My memory had fastened itself only upon the unfortunate digressions of the speaker. Fred Beckman, then reporter for the *Register*, told the story of that day. Mr. Cousins is dead. I will not say more upon that day of blasted opportunity. I ask that Mr. Beckman, now in the editorial chair at Knoxville, Iowa, again read that address, robbed of its errors and tell me if he too does not feel today that Bob Cousins was the Master Orator, grasping for Glory but failing just when triumph was in his

¹ Chairman Francis introduced Mr. Cousins, Journal House of Representatives, (1911), p. 1049.

hands. To reread that speech today, when time has in a measure made it possible to forget the distress of that day long ago, will brighten the soul!²

Both Senator Cummins and Senator Young were on the platform that day. I felt that something should be done to save the program. So I called upon Senator Cummins to speak. No such speech was on the program and I am sure that Senator Cummins had no idea that he would be called upon. I had heard him many times, but never before had he ever approached the great address he then gave. It was thrilling. It lifted every person in that vast audience from dismay to enthusiasm. As I looked out over that great gathering I saw grief change to joy. No orator ever made so great a change in so few moments.

I then asked Senator Young to speak. I had never heard him before, but he rose to the occasion and made a very fine address. I had a new respect for him and a much higher regard for the man he proved himself to be that day of victory over defeat. Those speeches are not printed in the journal, but did appear in part in the *Register* and *Capital*. As I read them today they did not seem to me to be so great or so wonderful as on that day forty-one years ago, when two fine Americans came to our rescue in a moment of sadness and distress.

You may now understand why I have felt it necessary to bring those three great citizens of Iowa into this picture. With all three in, it is to me a symphony; with either omitted I could not tell the moving story of that long winter's contest.

THE SENATORIAL CANDIDATES

In due course came the day when a vote must be taken on the election of a senator. In one candidacy I was much interested. When I was a boy on the old Tusculum farm my parents subscribed to two publications — the *Spirit Lake Beacon* and the *New York*

² Address by Robt. G. Cousins, Dolliver Memorial, Journal House of Representatives, (1911), pp. 1050-55.

Ledger. (I may be excused if here I interpolate that by the agency of an older brother occasional copies of the *Police Gazette*, with pictures of the Boston Strong Boy and the amply developed ladies of that age, came our way.) My mother was devoted to the *Beacon*. My birth had appeared in its columns. I never knew of a selfish act by her, save in respect to the *Beacon* — she wanted to be the first to read it and would hide it until she could do so.

The editor of the *Beacon* was a man by the name of A. B. Funk. He was exceedingly well known by every politician in the state. His editorials were more influential upon the public policy in Iowa than any others. He was not an orator — in fact, he very reluctantly took the platform upon any occasion, but the printed word was adorned by his skill. He had served twelve years in the state senate from our district. I felt it a great honor to take his old post in the senate, and was the one to urge his candidacy for election to the United State senate. When he finally decided to run he was kind enough to ask me to manage his campaign.

Mr. Funk was a convinced and convincing Republican. He did not hide his views. In his opinion the Grand Old Party carried in its ranks just about all the virtues of organized society. Such crumbs as were floating elsewhere were but derelict, waiting for the next storm to sink them from view. Hence Mr. Funk carried in the *Beacon* a standing column headed by a strident rooster, symbolizing the Republican party. Beneath that bird with its outspread wings appeared the names of all candidates of the Republican party from president down. When the next year after I became a lawyer, at 23 years of age, my name was there as the candidate of the Republican party for county attorney of Dickinson county, my pride was boundless. I was proud to be Mr. Funk's manager, although woefully ignorant and inexperienced in such matters. I was simply plain scared! But guided by Mr. Funk and his friends, the clouds dispersed in part and my fright gradually passed.

That contest proved to be the last in which election of a United States senator was before the legislature — from thence the people by their direct votes determined all our public officials. When I look backward and compare the men elected under the old method with those resulting from the new, I am not entirely sure that we Progressives accomplished the millennium, as we then firmly believed, in establishing the primary!

It will aid you whose memory does not go so far into the past, if I now tell you a little about some of the men who loom large to me in the story of those short days but long winter nights.

Senator Joe Allen of Pocahontas was the manager of the Kenyon campaign. He was a big jovial fellow from the broad prairies of northwest Iowa. His smile was contagious and pleasing. He seemed to be in agreement with the other fellow but never to the extent of changing his mind. The most determined bulldog had nothing on old Joe when it came to sticking tight. To him Kenyon owed his success more than to any combination of others. We were old friends and often in agreement. The most pitiful thing in all that session was to see Joe Allen carrying his beautiful little girl, with her braces and feeble legs, crippled by infantile paralysis, as polio was then called. I could sympathize with him, perhaps more than anyone else, for my own little lad in a terrible siege of pneumonia had suffered the loss of 90% vision.

A gentleman of even greater firmness of purpose was an old fellow, Captain Brown of Decatur. This senator was in some ways the leader of the horde of Stand-patters who obstructed our road to success. He was an old soldier, entering the war at its beginning as a private, emerging four years later as a captain. He was almost six feet tall, very broad of shoulder, weighing more than 250 pounds and carried an attitude calculated to send all opponents to shelter. He served all through the Civil war, with Grant at Donnellson and

Vicksburg, Thomas at Chickamauga, Sherman at Atlanta and beyond. If his martial mein during the war was at all similar to that in this contest, I am no longer surprised that the South succumbed!

He seldom raised his voice on the floor of the senate, but upon those daily marches from senate to house he permitted all to share with him his knowledge that all Progressives were illegitimate offspring of the devil! He would swell with rage until he seemed twice as big, adding another hundred pounds! The pathway from senate to house fairly trembled with his ponderous step and the air rose in wierd waves as his voice cascaded to the gilded dome. Some of the scantily clad ladies whose portraits adorned the rotunda halls were observed to noticeably shudder as the captain passed below them. He interested me and I liked him. To me he was a relief from a long winter of discontent.

I will mention another senator whom I knew well. He was from Hamilton county and bore the name of Cady Chase. He was really an awfully nice fellow and I liked him very much. When it was known that he was to speak, chairs were brought in to hold the crowd. He could make day seem dark and night bright and glowing. He was the exact opposite of the two men I have just described. His opinions varied with the day. His natural course was opposition to whatever ought to be advocated by others. He refused to allow his picture among the other forty-nine senators, but relented when he noted how handsome some of us looked. He was sometimes a Standpatter, at other times a Progressive. But denied that he was either, and insisted that he was independent of all ties. Yet you could not avoid liking him. His retorts in debate were proverbial, not necessarily upon the subject in discussion, but certain to bring applause from the audience.

I might include a host of others in this brief picture of the men who finally, upon the very last day of the session, elected a United States senator. But this is

sufficient to give you an idea as to the events of that Hundred Days Battle.

THE BALLOTING BEGINS

Under the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, should a vacancy occur in the House of Representatives, a special election must be held, but if the vacancy was in the senate, the governor of the state could appoint a senator, who would serve until the legislature elected a successor or the legislature adjourned without electing anyone. That was the law when Mr. Dolliver died and continued to be the law until adoption of the senatorial direct primary. Therefore, it was incumbent upon the Thirty-fourth General Assembly to elect a senator, or Iowa would have but one senator in congress. The long contest made this point of great importance and was no doubt the fact which finally brought enough Standpatters over to bring about an election.

It was necessary that the election be made at a joint session and by a majority of all members whether actually voting or not. And joint sessions were always held in the house chamber. As a result the senators had to walk over from the senate chamber, usually led by the lieutenant governor. The house members always rose respectfully, whether they felt that way or not, and stood as the senators entered. The lieutenant governor then presided and a roll call was had to determine if a majority was in attendance, in which case the business of the joint session followed.

On that first joint vote the following persons were voted for: Claude R. Porter, 53 votes; Lafayette Young, 32 votes; W. S. Kenyon, 22 votes; A. B. Funk, 21 votes; H. W. Byers, 14 votes; Guy A. Feeley, 7 votes; Warren Garst, 6 votes; Carl R. Franke, 2 votes. Mr. Porter was the Democratic candidate and during the long weeks which followed, save on one day when Frank A. O'Conner was given that vote, he received the Democratic vote, consistently and faithfully. On the very last roll call his vote was 51. I shall not hereafter

mention Mr. Porter's candidacy, nor the vote given him, but will give my attention entirely to the Republicans and the stringent and often acrimonious contest which divided them into two warring camps.³

As I have stated, Senator Funk from my home town of Spirit Lake was a candidate and for him I did the best I knew. On February 8th, 1911, the Kenyon vote dropped to 7 and Mr. Funk's rose to 55, but this was only a parting gesture, for Mr. Funk had decided to withdraw and that large vote was given him in recognition of a fine gentleman and a worthy man. When Mr. Funk dropped out of the contest my little boy, who had attended every joint session and looked upon Mr. Funk as almost equal to his own father, hid in a vacant room and wept briny tears. Had his wishes prevailed the Constitution would have been abrogated right then and there and Mr. Funk declared the winner.

YOUNG AND FUNK DROP OUT

Generally speaking, the Standpatters had consistently voted for Mr. Young, but on February 15 Judge Deemer of the state supreme court was presented as a compromise candidate, and thereafter they voted for him. The contest had been narrowed by the withdrawal of all candidates except Mr. Kenyon and Judge Deemer, and thus it stood day after day and week after week. Around the middle of March Mr. Kenyon's vote rose to 65 and there stopped. At the first roll call on the

³ The senatorial deadlock was the second in the history of the state, the first being in 1846, when no senators were elected, and the state was without representation in the U.S. senate the first two years of its existence. This time it lasted to the very final day of the legislative session, and sixty-eight ballots were taken, sixty-seven in the joint sessions. A field of seven Republican candidates appeared on the first ballot.—Journal House of Representatives, (1911), p. 182.

Feely dropped out after the first ballot, and Byers and Franke after the fifth. Funk threw all his strength to Kenyon on the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth ballots, but without avail, and the compliment was returned on the three succeeding ballots, without effect. Funk then withdrew after the nineteenth ballot. The Young votes went to Judge Horace E. Deemer on the thirty-third ballot, and mostly remained with him to the end. Senator Garst also dropped out at this time. With the entry of Judge Deemer, the Garst-Funk-Byers strength divided, part of it going to

12th day of April his vote went up to 76, but he still lacked a majority.

Then ensued an exciting contest as to procedure. That day had been fixed as the final day of the session. The Standpatters felt that if another vote were taken, Kenyon might win and therefore attempted to prevent the taking of a second ballot. The Progressives thought that another vote would give Kenyon the senatorship. The opposition to Kenyon was plainly slipping.

Debate was not allowable, but it was at this point that my good old friend, the captain and senator from Decatur, rose and bellowed with great intensity that "traitors to the cause of decency in government might abandon Judge Deemer and slink over to enjoy the loaves and fishes," but as for him he "would stay right there and vote for the principle and right until hell froze over."

The captain's appeal did not prevent defeat of the motion to adjourn and the second roll call was then held. On the second call Mr. Kenyon received 85 votes, enough to elect him, and so after more than THREE MONTHS, the fight was ended.⁴

Mr. Kenyon had been in Washington, where he held a position in the justice department, but knowing that an election was certain to occur before the legislature adjourned, he was in Des Moines on that fateful April 12, 1911. He was immediately invited to come

⁴ Roll call on final vote for U.S. senator, Journal House of Representatives, (1911), p. 1924.

Deemer and part of it to Kenyon; but gradually it all withdrew from Deemer and went to Kenyon.

The Democrats confined their votes to Democrats, voting chiefly for Claude R. Porter, D. W. Hamilton, and F. A. O'Conner, but individual votes were cast for Judge M. J. Wade, Senator Clarkson, Nick Reed, and other Democrats.

Senators Henry L. Adams of Fayette county, and Charles G. Saunders of Pottawattamie county, having previously voted for Deemer, sought to break the deadlock April 12, on the next to the last ballot, by casting their votes for Kenyon. On the last ballot Sen. H. R. Chapman of Cedar county, and Rep. Geo. W. Van Camp of Adair county, led the final stampede for Kenyon, breaking the deadlock by changing their votes from Deemer, not being willing to have the legislature adjourn without electing a senator. After Kenyon's election was assured, a group of seven other Deemer votes changed to Kenyon.—EDITOR.

before the joint session. When he appeared with the committee sent for him, the great crowd rose and the cheers rocked the building as perhaps never before in it's history. After three months of bitter contest the relief was intense and everyone wanted to shout and dance and cheer, all perhaps except our friend the captain!⁵

It did not impress me then and it does not impress me today as I read the new senator's speech, as being a very profound speech, but it was cheered to the echo. Judge Deemer was then sent for and he made a speech, but a rather poor one for so great a man.⁶ I scarcely knew Mr. Kenyon, but was well acquainted with Judge Deemer. I looked upon him as one of the most able judges our supreme court had ever had. I voted for him many times, but was happy when the young judge of my more youthful days in the Fort Dodge courtroom, became a great senator from Iowa to the national congress.

We who had taken part in that long struggle and now saw the home fires blazing in the distance, cheered everything those men said — cheered loudly and happily.

Out of that happily ended contest I doubt if a single enmity was created that time did not soften and finally erase. Today the Republican party has no such divisions as resulted from the militant and always dominant leadership of Senator Cummins.

And so, the last election of a United States senator, except by direct vote of the people, was completed. Great men had been elected by the old method; great men were to be elected by the new. The PEOPLE were thereafter in command.

Always and forever, THE PEOPLE!

⁵ Acceptance by Judge Kenyon, Journal House of Representatives, (1911), pp. 1926-7.

⁶ Address by Judge Deemer, Journal House of Representatives, (1911), pp. 1927-8.

Pioneer Foods and Water Supply

By N. TJERNAGEL

The main food staples available to the earliest Iowa pioneers were cornmeal, milk and pork. There were fish in the rivers, and wild timber and prairie game, but only a comparatively few seemed to find appreciable opportunity for hunting or fishing. Securing of provisions seemed hard, sometimes difficult to point of failure. But extremes were exceptions, not the rule. A case of dire need was instanced by a family of twelve near Roland, Iowa, who were once so reduced in supplies that they had to resort to soaked ear-corn for food. A big iron kettle filled with corn would be kept simmering on the stove, and when any in the teeming household desired a helping, there it was, ready to be speared and yanked out on the instant. Whatever the vitamin content of such fare, those who partook grew up to vigorous adulthood; and even up to a very few years ago an aged teacher lived in the Dakotas who told of the want experienced as a member of the family.

As instanced by the Sheldalls, although never reduced to such straits, they often lived on corn-meal mush for considerable periods. On one occasion Lars Sheldall thought to replenish the family larder by taking a load of dressed hogs to market; but alas, the sale proved utterly disappointing and he returned home poorer than before. But, as long as "old Mooley" gave promise of freshening, and the pig that had been left behind gained in weight, and the corn grew with promise, the menace of starvation did not loom alarmingly. The few eggs that were produced had to be sold, and fetched three cents per dozen. Oats sold for five cents a bushel. A barrel of salt then could be had in trade for one hundred bushels of oats.

Though Michael Hegland, who lived a little west of the present town of Roland, was not unappreciative of

his blessings, the food situation back in the fifties did cause him to murmur a little, for cornmeal early and cornmeal late, and plenty of it, inspired in young Mike a fervent desire for change. True, salt pork was fished out of the brine in the pork barrel to give variety, but it, too, grew monotonous; and game did not come tumbling into the cellar on its own account. When they were able to go out after it, and got it, there followed table joys beyond the ken of kings.

James Sowers, another prairie veteran, admitted that cornmeal mush and johnny-cake had faced him so frequently at meals when a boy that they had finally palled on him. However, on Sunday mornings mother would serve flour-biscuits, and these were so appetizing that he kept strict count of the intervening days between treats. Though he grew strong and healthy on his early diet, corn products for table use were not afterward favored by him. Perhaps it depends upon what people have been used to; children bursting with sweetmeats may often be seen scowling at the more substantial foods on the dinner table. However, there is a far cry between the pout of surfeit as compared to the plaint of one-sidedness.

A FAMILY NEAR STARVATION

Shortly after the Ole Braland family in 1858 had established their home a mile and a half east of the present town of Randall, they ran out of provisions. They subsisted on musty corn for awhile, but finding it an impossible diet Mr. Braland decided to acquaint his neighbor, Stone Charlson, with their terrible plight. Stone responded to Ole's woeful tale by saying "keep still!" and forthwith stuck a ten-dollar bill into Ole's hand. There was no further conversation.

The sum came as a "god-send" to Braland and he immediately yoked up his easy-going oxen and set out for Marshalltown, where he hoped to obtain flour of some sort. It took him three days to reach his destination. There were no speed limits those days. The oxen themselves set the pace.

When our friend finally arrived at the mill in Marshalltown he found some men stamping around in a bin of shorts industriously chewing tobacco and squirting the juice indiscriminately about. Upon his inquiring for flour, they said they had nothing to sell but the stuff in which they were wading about. Combined with the juices and all, the unsavory mess did not seem too tempting, but dire necessity caused him to take as much as his money would buy, which amounted to very little, since the price was very high.

The wife at home cheered up when she saw those promising bags, and proceeded at once to bake delectable tit-bits of the precious material to appease lusty appetites. They had a cow, but to their misfortune she laid herself down to die when most needed, and their precious milk ration departed with her. It was a long, long time before they tasted milk again. Mr. Braland kept the wolf from the door during the winter by his expert fashioning of rails and posts for his neighbor, Mr. Biggs. The workday was from sunrise to sunset, and the pay was thirty cents a day. But it gave him a start; and before he was through farming he had paid for his 120 acres, and raised twelve children besides. His life's career, as with many, many others, was an asset to the community.

Apropos of mills, it may be said that milling opportunities improved within a few years after Braland's early trip to the mill at Marshalltown, when was established the Hughes mill about seven miles southeast of Story City, and another by a Mr. Thompson three miles north of Ames, both on the Skunk river. It is interesting to note that a son of the pioneer miller Thompson, and H. M. Tjernagel, the son of a pioneer of these parts, met over half a century later on the frozen fringe of the world at the death-bed of an Eskimo, the former as a medical doctor, the other as a missionary of the Gospel.

A TIRING QUEST

In the spring of 1858, George Sowers, Henry Burham

and James Brown drove to mill at Linn Grove, Iowa, to obtain flour, but on arriving there found no milling in progress. They carried but a three-day ration; however, bent on getting what they were after, they sought mills in one place and another, only to be turned away empty-handed, until they came as far as to Iowa City. Here the miller sold them each one thousand pounds of flour, all that he could spare. They suffered much of privation on their fifteen-day journey, lack of provisions and difficulties of transportation adding trial upon trial. They reached home safely, and in spite of their hardships, congratulated themselves upon having secured the wherewithal of existence for their families. Who can realize in our day of surplus food and easy communication, the solid contentment enjoyed by these men resting before their firesides, their days' work well done! The pioneers lived to learn that rough going on the path of duty, so often necessary, also provided for many blithesome pauses in between.

GRINDING UNDER PRESSURE

Having subdued their soil sufficiently to raise some wheat, Peder Tjernagel (Store Per) and some neighbors took a few loads of it to the Boone river mill some twenty-five miles west, to be ground into flour. The distance thus to be covered with their slow-moving outfits caused them to arrive rather late in the evening, but since the mill was supposed to run night and day they did not worry about any lengthy delay in getting their grain ground. However, having no more than unloaded their grist the proprietor shut off milling operations for the day. This was unlooked for and meant serious inconvenience for our friends. As some of the housewives back home scarcely had enough meal for another loaf, the men must needs be off with their supplies early the next day. They begged the miller to grind in view of their need, but he turned a deaf ear to their entreaties. Peder listened raptly, but spoke no word. Striding to the unloading chute, and stooping down, he lifted one of the great sacks to his teeth,

grabbed one under each arm and making for the hopper set down the enormous burden with a thud that made the mill fairly shake, the miller included. When he essayed to pour the contents of the sacks into the hopper, the miller demanded to know what he was up to. Peder laconically answered: "I am going to grind." The astounded flour-maker stood speechless, and upon realizing what he was up against, grew red and green by turns. He decided to start the mill!

PIONEER SWEET-TOOTH SUGAR CANE

Fairly soon after the subduing of the virgin soil, the raising of sugar-cane supplied wholesome, nourishing sweets in the form of home made molasses. A generous top-saturation of molasses on a slice of bread, with a modest smear of butter thereon, made glorious mouthfuls for lusty pioneer appetites. And johnny cake responded appetizingly to a similar filler let into its mellow interior. The beautifully-browned molasses cake intrigued the eye, as well as nostril and palate.

The hoeing and weeding of the cane was hot work, but it caused the plant to respond generously so that the sweat of the devoted toiler gave dividends. To shear the cane heads and strip the leaves in autumn made the arms ache, but by chewing cane stems the resultant flow of tasty juice strengthened the worker at his task. Indulging in the juice too freely when the plant wasn't ripe enough tended strongly to stomach-ache. While cutting cane for mill delivery one youth sank the blade of his cutter into his knee thus necessitating his retirement from the work that year. Considering the limitless possibilities for getting hurt, farm accidents were surprisingly rare in the canefield and elsewhere.

THE CUMBERSOME CANE PRESS

The canestalk squeezers were formed from sawed-off hardwood logs fixed in wooden sockets, as were the power-cogs, and when the apparatus took on motion ear-piercing whoops and wheezes ensued from friction of wood on wood. Riding on top was a heavy wooden

lever curved toward the ground at the end, and here was hitched a horse to provide motive power. If, once on the move, the easy-going nag slackened speed, an unwilling youngster was set to walk the same rounds as the laggard beast to stimulate action. If both boy and brute slowed down and came to a standstill, the molasses-press groaned horribly as its motion ceased. Fearful shrieks, as of remonstrance, rent the air as the cumbersome outfit was again set going.

In feeding cane to the press one had to be on guard lest the ever-hungry rollers appropriate a hand or an arm when shoving in the stalks. A twelve-year-old lad overestimated his abilities as a feeder and lost an arm in being too familiar with the squeeze play of the rollers. In spite of his misfortune he lived to tell the tale of his early handicap midst eventual opulence and well being. Another instance of successful accomplishment despite unusual frustrations.

CANE SUGAR REFINERIES

The refineries were usually housed in mere shacks with peekaboo walls and roofs. Around them lay an array of accumulated stalk-refuse, a scene to inspire the ultra-modernistic painter. The juice vats had to be skimmed regularly, the heat for cooking properly attended to, and the attention of the tender focussed on his job. Carelessness stood for an unsatisfactory, unappetizing product. The wearisome chore, loss of sleep, and the ever-present smell of sweets combined to vex the spirit of the incumbent almost beyond endurance. Sometimes near neighbors would be allowed to do their own cooking while the owner caught up on sleep. We boys in the neighborhood some seventy-five years ago thought it a glorious adventure to remain up late, watch the boiling vats, sample the sweets, listen to gossip, stand in somebody's way, and be a nuisance generally. Our youngsters felt the poetry of the situation without realizing it, while the responsible elders reckoned the drudgery and all a very prosaic experience, and mused no further.

BUTCHERING OF LIVESTOCK

As the domestic animals increased, the cow was presumed to give not only a generous supply of milk, but finally her very own meat with which to replenish the larder. Together with the porker, when killed she was salted down to provide a desirable meat supply the year around. Some of the lean meat was dry-cured and kept indefinitely for nibbling thin-sliced, preferably with crusts of bread. If it was cold enough after the killing, choice parts of the carcass were frozen outside, and held their freshness for quite lengthy periods during winter.

Market hogs were dressed for delivery by the owners themselves. The neighbors engaged jointly in the bloody orgy of slaughtering. When finished the carcasses were hung in rows on high scaffolds. The ghastly array, as it appeared at night in the pale light of the moon, left a grisly picture indelibly impressed on the mind of the beholder.

During the home butchering in the fall Nels Peterson assisted father in sharpening to a razor-edge the axe and knives to be used, had the scalding water heated properly, and made sure that all necessary preparations were ready to the last detail. Though told to keep their distance, the children persisted in edging near the danger point, perils of gleaming knives and steaming vats notwithstanding. It hurt to hear the squeals of pain that told of the knife-thrust given the porker as his final portion. Even while his life-blood ebbed away he rose unsteadily to his feet; and he ambled groggily hither and yon, finally toppling over.

The trusting cow, fattened for the occasion and led unknowingly to her doom, was felled with a blow on the head from an inverted axe wielded by Nels. Once at a killing a slip on the ice caused Nels to miss his aim, and the axe, continuing its momentum, grazed father's temple as he was steadying the slaughter-animal. The men looked meaningly into each other's eyes

in mute acknowledgement of a gracious Providence that had swerved the death-dealing blow a hairsbreadth.

During the stripping and quartering Nels was volubility itself, and he and father told of many youthful experiences from sea and mountain, and of boating and skating on those wonderful Norwegian fjords. Their youthful listeners were all ears, for never before, thought they, were such interesting tales told, and by men of such manifold experiences and gifts of description. They were charmed; and they offered help, but unrealized by them it applied only where their ability to help fell short. Oddly enough, the little errands that naturally fell to them were performed with dragging feet. This was life itself with its intangibles, not reproducible on the screen—actual living not affixed in wax, but on memory's illimitable scroll.

THE MILK AND MILKERS

The milk pail is looked upon by us of a more prosperous era as a symbol of plenty, but to the early settler it often indicated merely a slender link between scarcity and the promise of future sufficiency. The butter was usually sold down to the merest remnant, and not kept for home use to be "dug into, spade-like," as voiced by a pioneer, to indulge pampered appetites. And whole milk must need surrender its fats, and not be partaken of for food or drink, generally, by the producer himself, except as skim milk, sweet or sour. Buttermilk formed a nourishing addition to the table menu, and home made cheeses captivated the palate of the hungry pioneer. Though butter was used so sparingly, one may well wonder if the additional milk products thus consumed did not nearly, if not altogether, make up for it. When the milk separators came the fats extracted seemed to retain their wonted individuality without change, but the whipped milk residue was disdained by the cat; and the calf consumed it rather reluctantly until grown used to it. The dog had his own ideas, but the hog with its human-like digestive apparatus showed no distaste for it. Some people

drank it with gusto, but not many relished it as compared to the former skim milk. Nor was it too popular for cheese making.

HAZARDS OF THE COW PEN

While a potential milking machine was dreamed of, it took only a hint from such vision by an original mind to start a clever copy-cat to make experiments.; and in due time the dream materialized. Meanwhile, the pioneer lugged out to the cow pen his pail and milk stool and, with a reassuring "So bossy" to the animal to be milked, sat down properly to his task. Sometimes the devoted creature felt that she had to kick for some reason, and then the milker had to woo her to a standstill with sweet phrases, honeyed words often belied by his inner sentiments. At times the cow's action would rouse his ire so as to upset his better judgment and he would raise his stool to strike — but to hit her effectively was another matter.

Once a troubled milker in aiming a dreadful blow at a cow's hind quarters, lifted his weapon, the stool, too high with the result that his hold on it slipped and the punishing weapon flew backwards, he inadvertently forwards and face to face with the battering-ram of legs he had aimed otherwise to contact. Directly, a miscalculated kick caused him to sit down in the muck. And there came the time when he was pushed off his milk stool by scuffling cows and was doused with milk over head and hair with the rippling contents dripping from outstretched arms and hands.

There were those nearby who laughed thereat behind their respective cows, while he, for his part, scolded on general principles. "Why wasn't someone on the lookout?" he queried fretfully, though knowing that no watcher had been installed for such an emergency. The cow's tail would sometimes wrap itself around the milker's neck, fly swatting, and if dirty it necessitated a round scrubbing for somebody's smarting skin. When that same tail blasted at the hearing, or caught an eye off guard, the milker's patience might

yield to ill-chosen remarks. There was an officious bull, too, for which one had to keep half an eye out, also a rabbit-chasing dog. Meanwhile the cows chewed their cud, the mosquitoes sang, the kittens meowed, the frogs croaked and Nature's beneficent sway held supreme.

THE SETTLER'S CHICKENS

The pioneer rooster boasted of no particular breed, but had his day, being ever happy in his own conceit, crowing in season and out of season for very love of it. These distinctive manly traits were to be judged by appearances only, for did he not give his all on the axeman's block unblinkingly? His feathers were stuffed into a pillow, and his meat provided top attraction for many a pioneer feast. His wishbone decided the fate of lovers, and his devoted head, regal in its former glory, became a plaything for the pup and the kittens. All honor to the women who plucked off his prideful feathery covering, dismembered his lordly figure, and then had the temerity to roast him. They knew by practice and experience how he might be made to react to a super-genuine gastronomic appeal. Their reward came when they served him and saw the gusto with which his noble remains were devoured. His bones were presented to the dog, who munched them in selfish enjoyment, being ever on the alert to jump the sniffing, jealous cat. By early winter the rooster's ranks were sadly decimated thanks to weddings, threshing crews, family festivals, and private consumption. In the early days there were no large-scale poultry markets, and whatever of surplus was absorbed locally.

THE PRODUCTIVE HEN

The pioneer hen had no place she could call her own; and she had to scratch for herself, or die. As to her comings and goings it may be said that she was more or less elusive, having to fend for herself — but how she could squawk and cackle! She was just a speckled hen, and she didn't bother about pedigrees;

but she aimed to lay eggs, nor did she shirk her maternal fealties. When she could find enough of the right things to eat she reveled in productivity. Unfeelingly, as it seemed, her eggs were removed and sold from under her very breast, whenever her nest could be found; but quite often her brooding instincts led her to an exceptionally good hiding place to set. Consequently she was enabled to raise a flock of downy little creatures that came out into the sun quite promptly on their own legs to pick up morsels of food just like mama hen herself.

Mother hen would fly at, and put to rout, most any kind of prowler that threatened her brood. The owner counted the hatch to his own credit, as though he had supplied any of the bugs and worms that served them for food and made them grow. Sometimes they were lucky enough to pick up some grain that he had most regretfully spilled, and they bustled about throughout the whole yard, even beyond it to grow into value for the short-sighted, selfish wretch. Later, as time passed, it finally dawned upon him to encourage the faithful hen to more profitable activity, and actually fed her some grain to increase her output.

The mother in the household, too, learned to watch over the prolific creature with solicitous care and thus, at last, this willing worker came into her own. She even aided her bit to the lifting of the mortgage. She had little use for the doctor those days, but now that she is pedigreed and pampered scientifically and otherwise for more and more profit the chicken fancier has to fight a formidable array of up-to-date diseases regularly. Somehow she manages to survive, and to serve as a highly valued asset in our food production. Iowa is the hen's queen state.

THE DOMESTICATED TURKEYS

The turkeys that filtered into these parts were in a school by themselves. Though they would usually roost on somewhat low-hung tree branches, they loved the feel of the ground and could be herded around

largely in the manner of domestic animals. They found their sustenance in the timber, or on exploring exploits amidst the open hills and valleys. They were great foragers and helped themselves to the best in field and meadow. They were sometimes considered a pest and nuisance, especially by those that did not own them. But they were always welcomed at household feasts, and were sometimes driven like four-footed beasts to market to supply similar demand in the cities. Hence, when these busy explorers had foraged their fill in the autumn, their owners rounded them up and made them march forty or fifty miles to be sold at Des Moines or other points of purchase. These were often the timber turkeys as compared to isolated flocks raised on farms away from the woods, in the open. As the birds were herded along the roadside the drivers would slow up and allow their charges to rest in low-flung branches of roadside trees at night. In the morning, bright and early, the whole drove would, with much uproar, flop to the ground and rummage for food and drink; then away they would go gobbling merrily on to their doom. That was one way of outwitting the freight sharks. By the way, the gobbler, as well as the gander, carried great responsibilities touching the welfare of the flock.

Children at play provided targets and excuses for attack, sometime quite unprovoked, being but imaginary offenses made up by oversolicitous flock leaders. But there was also real provocation by the youngsters in mischievously harrying the flocks, and this was hotly resented either through fierce hisses or prodigious gobblings, as the case might be. And sometimes there was actual war which usually resulted in terrifying flight for the pranksters. When the domestic geese tried their wings in flight, the owners sometimes despaired of their return. The turkeys, on the other hand, seemed to prefer walking adventures to do for them, so as to make the home folks uneasy. However they vied with one another, the goose and the turkey,

in emerging as appetizing rivals from the oven, each in delectable trim to entertain the company.

THE GREENHEAD—MALLARD

A contemporary of the early turkey was the Greenhead, of the duck family, sometimes called Mallard. Not having been domesticated he defied capture, and was generally bagged by the stealthy hunter through shooting. In those days he was a rather easy target, not having been subjected before that period to the unseen missiles of the skulking gun-toter. Sometimes his numerous company lay scattered so thickly in the prairie sloughs that any shotgun sneak might fire at random into their midst and bag a goodly kill. If the killer carried a double-barreled gun he might let loose a second charge into the startled bevy of water fowl rising pell-mell, only to intercept another peppering of shot in their precipitate flight. Some were wounded and fluttered helplessly about as they flopped back into the water, or flew unsteadily away only to lodge in the grass and succumb from their hurt. A number were killed on the instant, but not a few of those less seriously maimed, recovered, as testified to by subsequent hunters who noted telltale scars and re-knit bones on certain birds afterward brought down.

As the ducks halted in these parts in their yearly migrations they kept mostly to the ponds or sloughs, creeks or rivers. It was interesting to watch them when in vast numbers they made reconnaissance above a potential settling place, be it pond or stream. Their flying tactics were truly remarkable as to formation and, also, as to brilliancy of display as in their multiple, orderly ranks their fancy plumage threw reflections back in answer to the sun, early morning or at eve. Especially in autumn, when well-fed and fat, their meat was luscious and their eggs were edible, if any were found by chance, newly laid, during the setting period; but they were not as appetizing as chicken eggs. The downy breasts of the ducks, both the wild

and those later domesticated, helped fill many a pillow or feather bed.

OTHER WILD GAME

Wild geese would alight in their passing flights not only to seek out the lower places, but also other parts of the landscape that took their fancy. They had an eye for newly-seeded grain sown in the spring on freshly-cultivated ground. It comes to mind that one morning Erick Sheldall, while still in bed, shoved the barrel of his shot-gun through a chink in the logs and killed a pair of geese sauntering trustingly by in the field during the mating season. These royal fliers also showed up in the fall in large and small flocks, and although both geese and ducks were comparatively easy of access to the hunter, their ranks were but slightly decimated on this account and they continued to come for many years. The disappearance of ponds through tiling, and a new generation of active game seekers, finally induced the wild game to pick up and leave, in view of more congenial surroundings elsewhere. In after years the honking of geese parading in winged array over the countryside at night, on more inviting places bent, made the old-timer sigh in retrospect.

Prairie chickens and quails drew tranquilly nigh by the hundreds and in the early years the Sheldalls, for instance, had little difficulty, when time allowed, to bag a number sufficient for home use. Their sauciness and pecking propensities were resented by Rasmus Sheldall who, as the youngest of the brothers, was set by his father to watch the newly-seeded wheat field to hinder their depredations. During the mating season the boom-boom-boom of the prairie-cock was heard in the land with oft-repeated frequency. But it finally came about that his stout heart quailed before the zip of missiles threatening his very existence, and he sped away on rapid wings for other parts, leaving the nature lover to lament his absence. The quails, those busy little bundles of dainty meats and feathers, mostly held forth in the copses and lingered long among us.

But when the hedge and willow rows with their bush rendezvous disappeared, they, also, to our regret, flattered away from their original haunts.

If any bird is to be commiserated because of its homeliness, one might suggest the crane; but, on the other hand, if Mr. Crane truly spoke his sentiments regarding us we might be included in some such category ourselves. To one who makes observations, if only in the feathered kingdom, it soon becomes evident that the Designer of All chose to supply almost endless variety among his creatures. And what startling conceptions are not revealed among the creeping, crawling, swimming, flying, walking denizens of land and sea and air!

The crane, for his part, has stilt-like legs which, as he steps along in search for food, allows the body to rock and to tip conveniently in deference to the unhandsome neck and head. The great birds would flop down near the pioneer homes in vast numbers and walk as unconcernedly as you please in search for sustenance near the rivulets, or even on the higher levels, exactly according to inclination abetted by instinct. At the first casual glance the rather closely gathered flock gave reminder of a bunch of sheep; and one might walk quite near them and be surprised at the reluctance with which they took flight. But they seemed to sense when firearms were carried and took unhesitating leave in deference thereto. They took off rather clumsily, but once in the air they circled around in gradually ascending spirals until they became mere specks in the sky. How tantalizing, as the distant trumpeter aloft challenged the wingless gunman below, to climb to azure heights.

During the migration periods other birds, also, would fly at high altitudes coming and going, and sky-gazers looked on with thrills — yes, even at night, when the busy fliers could be observed high overhead passing the moon. Although many of them do not visit us any

more, they can view their former haunts below in their seasonal journeys to and fro.

The crow, the hawk, the blackbird, all carried on their maneuvers as well as the crane; other birds, too, but for adequate mention they require an extended chapter of their own. How interesting they were, though not particularly adapted for the table, least of all the crow. Freely reckoned among those edible was the sand-hill crane.

GAME AND THE EARLY HUNTERS

Two brothers, Prime by name, who settled here as early as 1853, often went hunting and were reported to have brought home considerable game. Scarcely any of those coming here later were active hunters or trappers. A couple of farm families, however, hung on for years in their quest for game and were well supplied with guns and traps to enjoy its continuation. They were often out Sundays as well as Mondays, the first being usually recognized as a day for rest and worship by the pioneers. A few others made sporadic forays on the wild life of the prairie, forest and stream, according to opportunity, and let it go at that.

Reverting to the Primes, and especially to that expert huntsman Dan Prime, it is said that in the early fifties this Nimrod of the prairie killed many wild deer. The Sheldalls reported having secured two of these fresh deer carcasses and found the meat most excellent. Besides the deer, Dan shot several wild hogs in the vicinity of Squaw creek not far from Ames. And there were neglected swine that roamed the forests that also felt the impact of bullets sped by the unerring aim of Prime. Those truly wild were descendants of strays from the pig-stys of the very earliest white dwellers along the Des Moines, Boone, and Skunk rivers. In their wild state they found shelter in the timber in thick copses, prostrate tree trunks, or overhanging cliffs. In the winter they subsisted mostly on nuts.

Speaking of the Primes, the Sheldalls had it that these people left this vicinity early, for other parts.

The same was told of others of the original transients. It may be conjectured that it was the lure of the unde-filed forest and the bordering prairie with its abundance of game that induced some of the very first comers to halt, for a time, in these unexplored regions. Some tarried only a few short years, and moved, who knows whither, to gratify their love of the wild.

Roving elks, we were told, would saunter up to the Sheldall stables to sample the hay or other fodder they could nose into. However, they were not spoken of as game in the ordinary sense by the settlers; nor was the buffalo. Erick Sheldall of Ballard grove, in Story county, picked up a buffalo calf from a stray remnant of these animals, and Joe Travestad, happening along, bought him for a few hard-earned dollars in view of profit as a future sire for his herd of domestic cows. He was in vogue among the neighbors' herds, too, for awhile, but as his daughters gave precious little milk, his reign soon ended. He was a terrible looking creature, big and savage, and once scared William Tunge's horses so that they were taken with colic.

FISH ABOUNDED IN STREAMS

Considering certain deficiencies in the food supply and diet, there was less enthusiasm for fishing among the early prairie dwellers than the situation seemed to invite. However, there were some pioneer fishermen who took advantage of the fine food adjunct that the finny tribes inhabiting the creeks and rivers afforded. They became adept at fishing, especially in the streams, and seemed able to charm fish to the line even when their numbers were on the wane and the season inopportune. These devoted anglers were lovers of nature and bent to her dictum with the utmost patience and willingness, hence their success.

Among the fishermen of old was our neighbor, Osmund Weltha. Once when father was sick the neighborly Osmund came over to cheer him up. Asked by his visitor if he could take nourishment, father replied that he could not. Returning for another visit

Osmund repeated the question and held out a promise of fresh fish. This appealed to the patient, since he was a lover of fish and couldn't very well seem to deny his liking, a failing appetite notwithstanding. Having committed himself to a rather rash promise Osmund bethought himself of the difficulties touching its fulfillment. The time happened to be during the most barren, unpromising part of the season to invite a catch. Nevertheless he drafted the two oldest of us brothers into service to secure polliwogs for bait, "for," he said, "we **MUST** get fish!"

Never before had the boys hoped for anything more fervently than to land those polliwogs. And they got them! Whereupon Weltha lost no time in taking off, and soon was casting his line in the river with all skill to abet his fond endeavor. He wanted so badly to please his friend, nor did he fancy to be foiled in his out-of-season undertaking. The situation was saved when at sundown he returned with his catch, which he placed before mother and said: "I asked the Lord for just one pike, but He gave me two!" Weltha's kind service proved to be the turning point in father's illness. He improved from then on. Weltha realized that it is for the unusual occasion that the skillful finishing touches count, be it fishing or otherwise.

FISH TRAPS IN THE RIVER

Fish may spurn an attractive bait, but the fish-trap robs him of the mastery of his own fate. It catches him without warning in the sudden fall of water in the trap opening, nor can he leap to safety. A few miles up river underneath a timbered bluff lay a fairly well camouflaged fish-trap. Rumor has it that many fish were taken there in the olden days. To the children of those days, it was the very pinnacle of adventurous achievement to ascend to the eerie spot above the stream and peer down through the shielding boughs at this rendezvous of unorthodox disciples of Isaac Walton, where, after nightfall, shadowy human forms

slipped stealthily in and out among the bordering tree trunks.

There came to be other fish-traps in the river besides this one, and it may not have been against the law to operate them for an occasional private catch, providing the fish went unmolested at other times. At least no prosecution of a possible offence of this kind comes to mind. Others besides the owners were known to have helped themselves to fish in these traps. On one occasion a certain fish-fancier had composed himself to sleep on some hay topping the side of such a trap so as to be promptly on hand when the fish came in; but unluckily for him another fellow, equally eager for a surreptitious haul, coming upon the slumbering intruder, applied a match to the hay. The sleeper on awakening in the midst of the blazing inferno, as of brimstone and so on, did not immediately grasp the situation, but tumbling hastily out of his hot couch, and hearing a splash, was much relieved to find himself in the embrace of the old familiar Skunk river, after all.

Pike and bullheads were fished mostly, but there were also bass and sunfish, and not to forget the ubiquitous sucker. Some of the bigger ponds, too, held fish, but these were generally sunfish, with an occasional bullhead for variety. The children often fished them with bent pins for hooks and because of frequent, tremendous jerking of the line landed an occasional fish by the tail as well as in more correct fashion. Sometimes a chance pull on the line would excite them very much, but if it proved that they had hold of a turtle or some such creature there was considerable consternation, if not disgust. Yet, all in all, they were the happiest fishing-folk we have known, haul or no haul. And now we pause to hear the naturalist explain the why of the presence of fish in these ponds.

GOOD WATER SUPPLY

Aside from streams, sloughs, wells and natural

springs, the early settlers obtained their water supply from wells dug in convenient places, and varying in depth from ten to thirty feet. If a slough was not too far removed from the homestead some would dig wells in or near them hoping for a dependable water supply during dry spells. In this they were none too wise, for if they had expended the same energy in sinking wells at the bases of the hills they would have been pretty well assured of more or less of seep-water which trickles beneath the surface away from such elevations. The slough wells had a surprising knack of going dry when least expected, while those at the bases of hills generally continued to secrete moisture even during drouths.

APPROVED WELL CONSTRUCTION

To prevent caving, the more permanent wells were boxed with heavy boards or planks, or lined with masonry. Before pumps came into use long poles with hooks were manipulated so as to control the dangling buckets, immerse them properly, and to hoist them up readily when filled. This hand-over-hand hoisting was no easy task, especially when the well was made unusually deep to reach water. Many a pioneer woman had her strength unduly taxed in the effort, and in carrying considerable distances the well-filled, water-soaked wooden buckets. As a rule the water would keep sweet and fresh when frequently disturbed through daily use, yet typhoid infection is said to have been traced in certain instances to such wells. This was no doubt caused by impurities entering the well through surface seepages.

SUFFERING FROM WELLS GONE DRY

When it happened that wells gave out during drouths, especially in midwinter, then indeed were the settlers hard put to it to obtain water. They were at times obliged to drive the livestock to the river, or to the nearest natural spring, wherever that might be. In inclement weather this was a hazardous undertaking and would sometimes result in suffering both for man

and beast. Not a few pioneers had somewhat similar harsh experiences as the Browns who, for a two-week period of deep snow, were obliged to convert some of it into water on a red hot kitchen stove to be taken to the livestock by means of an improvised entry through the stable roof — a baffling labor and fuel proposition indeed!

WELLS AS CATTLE TRAPS

Most of the well openings at the beginning of new locations were rather poorly protected. Some had a makeshift covering of loose boards which easily tended to misplacement or breakage; others discarded rails or posts laid "criss-cross" as a show of protection. The children loved to court danger about the well by peering into the yawning depths, and to marvel at their own reflections or disturb the placid water by dropping pebbles. Such wells were danger traps also for animals. It once happened that a heifer of ours was pushed into an improperly-covered barn well by crowding cattle about to be watered. Father was at his wits' end to know what to do in the emergency. A passer-by, Stephen Carhart, on being told of his predicament, advised the borrowing of plenty of rope and the calling in of extra help. Having performed the feat of adjusting the rope properly the men, with a united heave, hoisted out the trembling, wild-eyed creature; and all was well, with a new plank covering in certain prospect.

A HEROIC RESCUE

A neighbor woman had a harrowing experience with one of the old-fashioned open wells. She happened to be alone on the home place, with the exception of a little toddler who had a mania for exploring. While the mother was engrossed in her work and for a moment relaxed her watchfulness, her young wanderer bethought himself of the forbidden hole in the ground back of the house and said to himself: "Now for it!" He betook himself promptly thither, appraised the situation with much baby wisdom, but alas! When he

laid himself down on his "tummy" for a closer examination he wriggled over too far, with the result that he went head foremost into the murky depths below. Mama missed her hopeful in a minute and started out at once to locate him. After a quick search in the immediate surroundings she at last headed for the well, her heart palpitating wildly at the thought of what she might discover. Peering into the gloom she beheld, half submerged, a tangled thatch of hair, that of her darling, upon which she instantly jumped into the forbidding pool below, forgetful of self and only intent on rescuing her beloved. Finding that she could stand on the bottom of the well with her head barely above water, she lifted the child above her and supported him on outstretched arms until help came. She remained unbelievably long in this position, battling the numbness in her body and the agonizing hopelessness of the situation. If it hadn't been for supreme mother's love, coupled with her unusual bodily strength, she would no doubt have been overcome by weakness ere assistance arrived. Thanks to her good constitution she held out and overcame the effects of her trying experience quickly and, with her precocious adventurer under better guard, plied her tasks as of yore. In the hour of great urgency, or trial, all our latent potency and power is roused and organized for supreme effort and action.

THE FLOWING WELLS

The early settlers in these parts knew little or nothing about the so-called flowing wells, nor had they the apparatus necessary to drill for water, nor to pipe it after the subterranean water-veins had been struck. A neighbor who had long wrestled with the problem of perpetual motion, finally turned away from it only to become interested in the novelty of well drilling. Others, too, engaged in it; and one of them was a prime-mover in judiciously inserting corking material, sometimes necessary when drilling, so as to cause the water in the rock-veins to rise to the height of the original

source. Owing to our local surface depression, drilled wells, with resultant overflow because of a tapping of higher water sources, abound in this section.

Among the first and most copious of the flowing wells hereabouts was the one a little distance north-east of Story City on the Torkel Henryson farm, and the mammoth gusher on the farm of Charley Watkins, some three miles south of Story City. Quite extensive fish-dams were constructed at both places. During the winter the little lakes they formed would be given over to skating. In the summer picnic parties would be common, especially at Watkin's Lake, many being intent on boating and swimming, even fishing. The place was later given the name Comar from part mingling of the names of the then owners Corneliussen and Marvick, and was turned into a pleasure resort. The numerous flowing wells in this vicinity occur mostly within a roughly drawn circumference of some ten miles across, the central point being somewhere around two miles north of Story City on the Hamilton-Story county dividing line.

Watkins and his famous flowing well attracted many visitors from far and near. Our friend was a philosopher and politician, farmer and thresherman, possessing besides an inventive streak, and tinkered into shape a large water-wheel which was driven by the "gusher." He was able to grind some grain with it, but it is to be surmised that he did not gain much profit through its operation. Profit or no profit, it was quite evident that he, as well as his visitors, enjoyed the novelty of his unique undertaking.

THE NATURAL SPRINGS

As to the water supply for those who lived near the banks of the river there was usually no lack, because of the number of natural springs. Driven wells near the stream often afforded an overflow of water even without drilling down into bed-rock, the latter usually being met with from fifty to eighty feet below the ground surface. Having reached bed-rock, further

drilling would generally tap water in rock-veins from one hundred to three hundred feet some distance away from the river. Large tiles sunk in tiers to a required depth beneath the surface, with inner earth contents properly removed, supplied a sanitary reservoir of water in many places, which was raised, as in common dug wells, by means either of suction pumps of good drawing capacity, or chain pumps.

In some places there were natural springs in swamps situated near the bases of hills; but these springs were rather difficult of access owing to the treacherous, water-soaked soil and fungus around them. In a swamp a mile east of our home the spring proper was surrounded by a vast, deep bed of moss bulging somewhat above the level of the morass, which would shake and tremble fearfully when trod upon. In very dry summer seasons when water was scarce elsewhere cattle would seek this cooling spring, though not without danger of being mired in. When short of water it happened that we were obliged to drive our livestock to this spring during the depth of winter. Later, our flowing well made us independent of weather conditions, of drouths, or flood contaminations. The quality of the water in this part of the country, both from artesian and other wells, is most excellent and assuages thirst better than any other drink. The center section of the Middle West area can count its blessings by the thousand. Where, indeed, may we seek a place where nature has been more generous?

Bryan's Birthplace Burns

Destruction by fire has claimed the birthplace of William Jennings Bryan at Salem, Illinois. Tramps are believed to have started the fire while taking shelter in the century-old crumbling brick house in which the Great Commoner first saw the light of day.

The Mound Builders

By THOMAS P. CHRISTENSEN

IOWA CITY

In that truly monumental work *The Discovery of America* (1892), its genial author, John Fiske writes:

There were times in the career of sundry Indian tribes when circumstances induced them to erect mounds as sites for communal houses or council houses, medicine lodges or burial places; somewhat as there was a period in the history of our own forefathers in England when circumstances led them to build moated castles with drawbridges and portcullis; and there is no more occasion for assuming a mysterious race of Mound Builders in America than for assuming a mysterious race of Castle Builders in England.

At least John Fiske was right to this extent, that there was no mysterious *general race* of Mound Builders, distinct from the historic Indian tribes. All Indians, historic and prehistoric, belonged to the Mongoloid race of mankind.

To solve the Mound Builder problem, or at least to clarify it, we should — must — consider the leading Indian culture groups in both Americas. All these groups had a common economic basis, for they all raised corn. Most or all of them also used tobacco.

I think we may use the term Mound Builder generally for all groups north of Mexico that built mounds of any kind or shape, especially if they also raised corn. The Mound Builders par excellence were those who built mounds and other large earth works, whose artisans were artists as well, and who had made considerable advancement in social organization, numbers and astronomy.

Before proceeding farther, it may be well to ask and answer the question: How and when did the name Mound Builders enter American Indian terminology?

During the American Revolution, William Bartram, an American botanist and ornithologist, spent several years in the southeastern United States, studying what

was then called "natural history." Bartram brought back to his home in the North information, not only about the plants and animals of those regions, but also data about certain mysterious remains of ancient earthworks of which the contemporary Indians, as to their origin, did not know anything. Bartram conjectured that they must have been built by some vanished people vastly superior in culture to the historic Indians. Throwing an air of mystery about the subject, and writing in a fascinating style, he evolved a theory of the builders of these mounds which circulated widely in the literary world, and which has continued to hold sway in the popular mind ever since.

Bartram's book in which this theory of the Mound Builders is propounded, bore the lengthy title of *Travels Through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida, the Cherokee Country, the Extensive Territories of the Muscogulges (Muskhogeans) or Creek Confederacy and the Country of the Chactaws*. It was translated into Dutch, German, and French, and read by such literary worthies as the French Chateaubriand, and the English Coleridge and Wordsworth.

Bartram was not a vain theorizer, but a scientific student of life and nature. Besides his "Travels," he also wrote a minute and accurate description of the manners and customs of the contemporary Creeks and Cherokees. This was published in 1853, but most of the edition was destroyed by fire and a new edition did not appear until 1907.

Ironically enough, this description has furnished modern anthropologists with some of the support for the now current belief that the Mound Builders were ancestors of, at least, some of the historic Indians of the Mississippi Valley. Thus Bartram built up a theory of the Mound Builders by his captivating style, and also furnished ammunition for demolishing it, by his keen observation and painstaking labor.

The factual study of the American Indians, prehistoric and historic, gained an impetus in the early days

of the republic by the founding of the American Ethnological Society of which Albert Gallatin and Henry R. Schoolcraft were honored members. It was this society which brought out the first edition of Bartram's description of the Creeks and Cherokees.

ANCIENT MOUNDS STUDIED

In 1848, the Smithsonian Institution, as one of its first contributions to human knowledge, published Squier and Davis' *Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley*. This is still a classic for the study of the Mound Builders. Then in 1879, the Bureau of American Ethnology was founded with Major J. W. Powell as president. Working with these organizations later anthropologists, ethnologists and archeologists have put the study of the American Indians on a broad scientific basis; and in the publications of these two organizations one may trace the growth of much of our knowledge of all the Indians in the United States, past and present.

One of the associates of Major Powell was Cyrus Thomas. In the nineteen eighties Thomas advanced reasons for believing that the Mound Builders had left descendants among the historic Indians. This view has been accepted by later students of the subject, who are now convinced that the Mound Builders and the historic Indians belonged to the same general Mongoloid race, and that they both contained representatives of the broad-headed (brachycephalic) and long-headed (dolichocephalic) types of man.

But, though the Mound Builders belonged to the same general race, they represented various tribes, culture groups, and language groups.

Obviously, the best evidence of what and whom the Mound Builders were, we have in the tens of thousands of mounds and the hundreds of thousands of artifacts which these mounds have yielded to local, state and national investigators.

GREATEST NUMBER IN MIDWEST

West of the Mississippi river there are numerous

low, round mounds. They contain no human remains, and their origin and purpose are uncertain. Undoubtedly many of them are just house sites. There are a number of them along the Iowa rivers. In northeastern Iowa, southeastern Minnesota, northwestern Illinois, and especially in southern Wisconsin, there are a large number of effigy mounds, representing such historic animals as elk, moose, panther, wolf, geese, ducks, eagles, swallows, hawks, pigeons, squirrels, foxes, coons, eels, turtles, snakes, and at least in one instance, what seems to be a mastodon, usually considered pre-Indian. The assumption that the mastodon was contemporary with the builders of the effigy mounds is supported by the fact that a large number of mastodon skeletons have been found in Wisconsin sloughs and lakelets. It has been suggested that the Winnebagoes, a tribe belonging to the Siouan language group, may have been the builders of the effigy mounds in this area.

Only a few effigy mounds have been located outside of the Wisconsin-Illinois-Iowa-Minnesota area — five in Ohio and two in Georgia. Two of the mounds in Ohio represent snakes, one of which is 1,330 feet long.

All through the Great Lakes country there are remains of stockades and other ancient earthworks. They are most numerous in the state of New York, where about three hundred have been located. These were probably built by the Iroquois and tribes of the Algonkian language group.

Many of the mounds in Kentucky and Tennessee enclose stone graves. The most advanced Mound Builders constructed various types of earthworks, the most imposing of which was the pyramid mound facing the four cardinal points. Some pyramid mounds have been located as far north and west as the Dakotas, but most are found along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and in the Gulf states.

The present state of Ohio is very rich in remains of Indian earthworks. Here, according to H. J. Spinden,

have been located 5,396 prehistoric sites, 3,513 mounds proper, 587 enclosures and fortifications, 354 village sites, 39 cemeteries, 5 effigy mounds, 17 petroglyphs or pictured rocks, 35 rock shelters, and 190 quarries. The village enclosures contain mounds in various geometrical forms, and the enclosures themselves are connected with the rivers by lanes running between earthen walls, for the Mound Builders were both village folk and river people.

East of St. Louis in the state of Illinois rises to a height of nearly 90 feet the imposing Cahokia mound, a terraced pyramid. It is the most stupendous monument built by ancient men anywhere in North America. Its base covers an area of about 16 acres. It has been estimated that it would take 1,000 persons working five years to build it. Within a radius of two miles of this huge pile are 72 other but smaller mounds.

Other large groups of mounds resembling the Cahokia group are scattered along the banks of the Mississippi from St. Louis to New Orleans. Farther east on the banks of the river Etowah in Georgia stands an interesting group of seven mounds, the largest of which attains a height of 65 feet. Like other pyramidal mounds the top of this mound was reached by an inclined plane leading from one terrace to another. Cyrus Thomas believed that this mound had been visited by DeSoto in 1542. At that time, and indeed much later, some of the mounds were still used as foundations for temples and chiefs' houses. This was true of the Natchez Indians living near the modern city of Natchez. At the time of the first white contact here they had their temples and chiefs' houses on artificial mounds.

CONTENTS SHOW HANDICRAFT

Excavators have made a rich harvest of Mound Builders relics, consisting of pottery, personal ornaments, ceremonial objects, tools and weapons. The raw materials used in their manufacture consisted of

shells, bone, mica, copper, and in some instances brown hematite (an iron ore) and even gold.

Specimens of cloth preserved by contact with copper have come to light. This points to another phase of Mound Builder handicraft or to trade with the Southwest or Mexico. Gold objects that have been found in the mounds are believed to have come from Mexico.

Without agriculture the Mound Builder mode of life would not have been possible. The Mound Builders raised beans, tobacco, squash, melons, and above all, corn. In a crude way they also worked quarries, copper mines, mica mines, and salt mines. Indications of fish ponds have been found in Ohio. The Pueblo Indians had domesticated the turkey, but the Mound Builders probably had no other domesticated animal than the dog.

It is certain that the Mound Builders, at least those of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, were skillful boatmen. Their mound forts attest their ability in siege warfare. Race courts and ceremonial mounds speak eloquently of a highly-developed social and religious life. Undoubtedly storytellers delighted young and old with tribal legends and stories of mythical powers and heroes. As would be expected, their young men played ball games with as much zest and zeal as college students today play football, and they pepped up their martial spirits with war songs before going on the warpath.

Next, we will proceed to answer the question: When did the principal groups of Mound Builders flourish? There is no real Mound Builder chronology. Recently, however, an effort to establish one has been made by Vernon C. Allison, a contributor to *The American Anthropologist*, (Vol. XXIX). Guided by such data as the growth rings of trees on the mounds, climate changes, fossil flora and fauna, he concluded that the mounds of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys had been constructed between 520 A.D. and 1500. In general this

is in harmony with modern anthropological opinion, even as that opinion may have been affected by the very recent physico-chemical methods of chronology.

There is no more certainty about the Whence in Mound Builder history than the When. But the Whence also has its theories and assumptions. It is an accepted theory — it is nothing more — that the Americas, in the main at least, were peopled by migrants from Asia. As the groups of migrants moved south, some of them wandered east across the plains and prairies. The builders of the effigy mounds, perhaps the Winnebagoes, may have reached their historic habitat that way. Did other Siouan tribes go farther east and south then or later? They must have, for at the time of the coming of the Europeans there were smaller Siouan tribes on the coasts of the Gulf of the Atlantic, while the main body of the tribes roamed over the prairies of the Northwest.

DEVELOPED SAME TRAITS IN SOUTH

The main bodies of migrants from Asia at last settled down to sedentary life in the valleys of the Southwest, Mexico, Central and South America, where they developed some of the most distinctive Mound Builder traits: pyramid building, pottery, cloth weaving, cultivation of tobacco and corn, above all the cultivation of corn. That the basic Mound Builder traits existed in these regions is unquestionable. But, did these cultural elements migrate into the Mississippi Valley, or did the migrating people carry the culture elements with them? Mound builder traits spread from South America to the Antilles and perhaps to Florida. Once established in the Southwest they spread eastward towards the Atlantic.

Paul Radin in *The Story of the American Indian*, as fascinating interpretation of ancient American Indian culture, contends that the early Mound Builders came by sea to the lower Mississippi valley. He considers it probable that the Natchez Indians may have been

the first group of Mound Builders in this area, and that their culture spread north and east.

Vernon C. Allison has advanced the theory that about 500 A.D. the Iroquois or a kindred people from the Southwest moved across the plains and combining with certain Cliff Dwellers in Missouri, who had been in that area over a thousand years. crossed the Mississippi river, fought and perhaps drove out the Mound Builders of the Ohio river valley. Still heading east they finally settled in New York, where they built the stockades of which there are remains today.

This invasion must have caused serious disruptions of the older occupants east of the Mississippi. Was this the time when the Mandans of the North Dakota were forced into their historic habitat? and was this the time when the Siouan people were split into a large northwestern group and several smaller eastern and southern groups, who lived on the coasts of the Atlantic and the Gulf at the coming of the Europeans?

MOVEMENTS OF INDIAN TRIBES

There was constant strain and stress, ebb and flow of populations. The Iroquoian people themselves were disrupted, for in 1607 the Tuscaroras and the Cherokees, both Iroquoian, were living in the South. It is known that the Cherokees were building mounds well into the historic period, as indeed other tribes did though not of the pyramid type.

Though these prehistoric migrations mentioned above only have a theoretical basis it is a basis which has valid assumptions. But, it is different with the basic elements of the Mound Builder culture. Definitely these elements are known to be of Mexican and South American origin. The recent researches of P. C. Mangelsdorf and R. G. Reeves (*American Anthropologist*, XXXXVII, XXXXIX) have shown that corn was first cultivated in northern South America. Beginning about 1500 B.C., it began to spread northward through Central America and Mexico, and perhaps also through the Antilles to the Gulf coast.

Without corn culture there would not have been groups large enough to build the immense pyramid mounds of the Mississippi Valley and elsewhere in North America. Corn culture made food more abundant and thereby larger groups possible in limited areas.

The art of pyramid building, too, as well as tobacco culture, appear to have originated in northern South America. There also pottery and cloth weaving reached a high stage of development, and also may have spread northward.

Of the five culture elements it is certain that the cultivation of tobacco and corn did spread northward. The other three may, at least to the extent of influencing similar culture farther north. Without the cultivation of corn, pre-Columbian America's cultures would not have been possible. Certainly Mound Builder culture would not have been possible without it, and we do know that all the Mound Builder groups raised corn and depended on this cereal as their main staff of life.

Confederate Soldier's Home Abolished

The Missouri home for Confederate veterans and their wives, located at Higginsville, has been closed, the institution having been abolished by the Missouri legislature.

Four remaining resident widows of veterans were transferred by the state division of welfare to the Lenoir Memorial Home near Columbia, a new private-owned home for aged persons, where the state paid the cost of their care. The old home from which they were removed, was converted to the use of overcrowded state schools for defective and epileptic children.

The last Confederate veteran to reside in the home, Uncle Johnny Graves, died in 1950 at the age of 108.

Ed. Pittman's Useful Life

A long and faithful service to the state and its people marked the life of Edward F. Pittman, whose death occurred February 2, 1952. He came to the position of superintendent of the newspaper division of the Iowa State Department of History and Archives, at Des Moines, under Curator Edgar R. Harlan, January 1, 1918. During all the years of his capable handling of the work of that division, which largely encompassed its period of growth, he most conscientiously, with ability and a high order of intelligence, served those who had need to avail themselves of this large storehouse of history containing the state's valuable newspaper files. He had become the dean of the historical building workers, and only a few others in the employ of the state in any capacity had enjoyed a similar length of service.

With sincere and competent understanding he assisted the writers and research workers of the historical profession, who now are expressing their great debt for his accurate arrangement, careful cataloging and efficient preservation of Iowa publications, and his always accommodating, cheerful and helpful administration of their use. Mr. Pittman possessed a marvelous memory and had the faculty of readily locating upon the printed pages of Iowa newspapers of the past the accounts of events and personages of note when the record of same was sought. This aptitude, skill and patience became most valuable, and will be missed by his associates and all who came to appreciate his talent and untiring labors.

Mr. Pittman was born June 15, 1871, in Peeksville, Missouri, the son of Stephen Bates and Nancy Jane Douglass Pittman. The family moved to a farm in Van Buren county, near Cantril, Iowa, when he was three years old, and there his youth was spent. He attended the Gem City Business college at Quincy,

Illinois, and taught in the rural schools. He was appointed deputy clerk of court of Van Buren county, and moved to Keosauqua in 1901, afterward being elected and served as clerk of court two terms, and resided at the county seat through 1909.

On October 12, 1896, he was married to Effie Mae Foster, who died May 30, 1903. He again was married December 20, 1905, to Mrs. Mertis Cupp Barker, who survives, together with two daughters, Mrs. J. R. Mounce of Clinton and Mrs. George N. Edwards of Des Moines; one son, Claude E. of Des Moines; one step-son, Rolla V. Barker, Red Feather Lakes, Colorado; two sisters, Mrs. Josie Harryman of Cantril and Mrs. Nora Glascock of Medford, Oregon; one brother, Clyde L. of Upland, California; eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. He was a member of the First Presbyterian church, Des Moines, and was buried at Cantril.

The Kasson Papers

Another of Prof. Edward Younger's delightful sketches of an epoch in the remarkable life of John Adam Kasson, long time legislator and politician in Iowa, graces the pages of this issue of the ANNALS. While the period covered in the present article leads up to Kasson's coming to Iowa from St. Louis, and the greater part of the material documented by Mr. Younger in its preparation is from other sources, in the writing of his articles he engaged in lengthy research of the Kasson Papers in the manuscript files of the Iowa Department of History and Archives in securing data. The Manuscript division of the department is a busy institution where writers and newspaper men secure from the extensive files of the Allison, Dodge, Cummins, Lacey, Perkins papers, as well as from the wealth of other manuscripts there found, information upon events and individuals prominent in Iowa history not available elsewhere, demonstrating the great value of this vast collection held in trust by the state of Iowa.

Iowa People and Events . . .

How Dowell Went to Congress

In 1910, the conflicting ambitions of S. F. Prouty and C. C. Dowell, both Republican supporters of Sen. Albert B. Cummins, seemed sure to occasion the renomination on the Republican ticket in the Seventh congressional district of Cong. J. A. T. Hull, long a fixture in that position. A way was sought by the Cummins group to iron out the troublesome situation, as that year in several other congressional districts, they also were actively opposing the "Old Guard."

Prouty originally was championed by the aggressive MacVicar group, but had unsuccessfully contested with Hull for the nomination in several previous campaigns. Dowell had been a Hull supporter, as also was Cummins prior to the Prouty candidacies, but now believed it was time for the captain to step aside. Furthermore, Dowell felt that Prouty, after several attempts and not being able to command a majority of Republican votes of the district, should allow another to make the fight against Hull. Believing that he could secure a considerable portion of the Hull following and at the same time hold the Cummins strength in the district, he felt that he could become the party nominee.

Neither Senator Cummins, nor those directing his interests, were willing to make the choice between these men, although well understanding how important it was that the Progressive strength should be behind a single candidate opposing Captain Hull in the primary election, if they were to win from him the nomination.

After canvassing the situation, a friendly conference was determined upon, to be composed of men in the confidence of Cummins, including an equal number favoring Prouty and for Dowell, with a third group

from the Cummins state organization. The selection of those to sit in the conference was as follows: representing Prouty were Judge Jesse A. Miller, John C. Tate and Wm. B. Hanes; representing Dowell were Louis C. Kurtz, Emory H. English and Prof. C. N. Kinney; representing the Cummins state organization were G. S. Gilbertson and Ed D. Chassell.

The conference required several meetings, which were held in the law office of Sen. John B. Sullivan in the Youngerman building, Des Moines, the latter not being present during discussions, which were prolonged and at times somewhat heated. At first, both groups were adamant in their positions, each with belief in the possibility of convincing those of opposite thought.

The Prouty adherents urged that sentiment had crystallized sufficiently in favor of the judge, notwithstanding his losing two previous attempts to dislodge Captain Hull, so that it was perfectly clear to them that this time he could defeat him.

The Dowell supporters considered Prouty no stronger than previously demonstrated, insisting that it was clearly necessary to secure some of Hull's support to beat him, which they knew Dowell could get. The personal merits of the two men were not discussed, it being considered that both had equal claim upon practically the same group of Republicans, and individually had been popular in previous county campaigns, Prouty serving as district judge, and Dowell as state representative and senator.

After several conferences and some little maneuvering, agreement was finally reached that Prouty should again be the candidate in the immediate campaign, and if successful, for one additional term. Then, he would step aside for Dowell, and both to give full support to this program. The arrangement was considered binding and therefore was reduced to writing and signed by all members of the conference.

The Prouty men were jubilant upon the outcome

and knew the Judge would acquiesce without formal consultation. Kurtz and English were named as a committee to confer with Senator Dowell and obtain his support of the program. This was not easy to secure and the meeting with him was not pleasant. It was hard to make him see that a victory had been won for him, the full realization of which would be only temporarily delayed, and its fruits to be obtained without any expensive or arduous primary campaign. Moreover, he was the younger and could afford to wait. The situation was a bit baffling for him and the solution still unpalatable, but after consideration he gave his support to Judge Prouty. The latter won over Hull in the primary and was elected to congress, served the two terms specified in the agreement and was succeeded by Dowell, whose long and notable service equalled that of Captain Hull.

Many years later, the survivors of the conference again met in Senator Sullivan's office and burned the memorandum of recommendations preserved in his office safe. None of the candidates and only two of the conferees are still living.

Senator Kenyon An Idealist

Noteworthy in the election of senators from Iowa to the United States senate, was the last by its general assembly in 1911, the incidents of which are recalled in this issue by Sen. Leslie E. Francis, one of the leading participants. William S. Kenyon, of Fort Dodge, was the successful candidate, after ballotings each day at joint sessions of the senate and house during the Thirty-fourth General Assembly. Subsequently under provisions of the Federal law, senatorial nominations have been made at the primaries and senators elected in the fall.

The rivalry described was intense, although bitterness was not exhibited in any marked degree. The final election of Kenyon after the long contest between Iowa Republican leaders, and the elimination of Lafe

Young as an influential political factor in the state, were events that brought to an end the intense factionalism that had been rife among Republicans in this state for many years. Not that personal rivalries have not been spirited since, but nothing like that obtaining during the anti-Cummins decade.

When it seemed possible that Judge Deemer might become a "compromise" selection, some sort of a "deal" was said to have been arranged to later place Senator Joe Allen in the governor's chair, and make Ernest Moore lieutenant governor, which gave the Kenyon forces an uplift that finally carried him through. However, Allen did not become governor, as he and George Cosson split the Progressive vote, and W. L. Harding was nominated. But Moore did become lieutenant governor.

Though able and very ambitious, Judge Kenyon's sojourn in the United States senate proved to be an uncomfortable period in his life. Political intrigue and trading of influence were not to his liking, and he was definitely relieved when returned to duties upon the judicial bench. A sort of haunting fear of public criticism or reproof had hovered over almost his every act, and although naturally forthright and fearless, at times he appeared a bit timid. And finally, when he became a candidate in the primary for the second senatorial term, the importuning of voters for support proved positively distasteful.

During the canvass he was apprised of some other trades said to have been effected in behalf of his candidacy. He had voted against the seating of men in the United States senate because of irregular acts in their behalf charged against their friends in senatorial election campaigns, involving use of both money and influence, and he bitterly opposed the practice, which he considered dishonorable.

Now, he deeply felt the ignomy of his own predicament. One statement that especially distressed him concerned the proposed location of a certain normal

school in the district of a representative in exchange for his vote for Kenyon. Appealing to Charley Rawson, his friend and manager, to be absolved of the charge, only to learn that it was true that the suggestion had been made, Kenyon was amazed, distraught and humiliated. Rawson frankly said that of course they had made or tried to make all the trades and promises they could conjure up in securing his election. It was a blow hard for Kenyon to take.

Finally, the senator in his distress of mind traveled to the home of former Governor Larrabee at Clermont, for advice as to how he might proceed, while resting under such a charge. The wise old governor, ripe and experienced in the wiles of practical politics, placed his hand on Senator Kenyon's shoulder and consoled him by saying that political practices were difficult to reform, and that he should not be too much concerned with the political rumblings of campaigns long since quieted down and all but forgotten; also that there was an old adage that was truly applicable now, to "let sleeping dogs lie." Anyway, no new normal schools had been created or located, and evidently no harm had been done to anyone, after all. Thus, under the kindly advice of the tactful friend the senator was pacified; at least sufficiently to cool off, but still was resentful.

Judge Kenyon was a sensitive man and a high idealist. He was deeply sentimental and almost a mystic. He was the very soul of honor, pure-minded, with character unblemished, and a bit of a dreamer; so, he never became acclimated in the senate. One time, when the ever-present subjects of taxes and appropriations were bearing down especially hard upon the senate, and he had despaired of ever solving the true basis for the support of enduring institutions, a friend walked into his office and found him taking refuge in working on a plan to dignify and perpetuate "Mother's Day," having in mind his love and devotion to his own mother.

When rumor of irregularities in some department's administration was brought to his attention, he would have been happy to have started a probe of its affairs, even though many of his friends were in the department, but he was thinking of more ethereal things and the cleanup was not started.

Up at Fort Dodge there is a monument in Central Park erected to his memory, for that community honors him as one of its numerous distinguished citizens who brought fame to his home city, as well as honor to his well-spent life.

Mark Shake Rag Street, Mineral Point

On September 18, 1951, the third of the series of new official state markers was erected at Shake Rag Street in Mineral Point, Wisconsin, reports the *Newsletter* of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. In comment it says that the street gets its name because in an early day at meal time shaking of rags by womenfolk used to summon the men from the lead mines. In the 1830's tin miners from Cornwall, England, migrated to southwestern Wisconsin and built stone cottages similar to the ones in their homeland. Shake Rag contains the greatest concentration of these homes.

Many of the houses are slightly remodeled as private homes, but three — Pendarvis, Trelawny and Polperro have been restored authentically and are open to visitors. The traveler is invited to enjoy Cornish pastries, citron and plum preserves, saffron cakes and scalded cream upon reservation at the Pendarvis dining room. Newlyn, a guest house near Pendarvis, is one of the old original Cornish stone houses that has been restored and equipped with modern accommodations. The Shake Rag marker was erected by the citizens of Mineral Point.

Iowa's Notable Dead . . .

THOMAS HENRY FOSTER, meat packing executive, died at Ottumwa, Iowa, November 14, 1951; born in Chicago, Illinois, January 31, 1875; son of Thomas Dove and Elizabeth Foster, the father having brought the Morrell packing company from England, first conducting it in Chicago, and in 1877 established the business at Ottumwa, which is now the headquarters for the nationwide operation; first work was at the packing house in 1887 as a hog driver, subsequent summers finding him in various departments of the plant until he had made the round of most of them, and in 1890, at the age of fifteen, and after only a year in high school, he began regular work in the smoked meat department, but after a year entered Parsons academy at Fairfield, graduating in 1893; then entered Parsons college and attended a year, and in the spring of 1894 began work in the John Morrell & Company office as bill clerk, and in 1896 became the bookkeeper; promoted in May, 1897, to manager of the Boston, Mass. plant, where he remained three years, and there married Mary Frances Bugler on July 25, 1898; moved to New York in 1899 and established a branch house there, but January of 1901 found him back in Ottumwa assisting in the establishment of the canning department; transferred in 1902 to the general office in charge of canned goods manufacturing, sales and advertising and continued in that capacity until 1906, when he became assistant to the superintendent of the plant; became manager of the meat packing plant at Sioux Falls, S.D., in 1909, after it had been leased by the Morrell company; returned to Ottumwa in 1912 to assist his father as assistant manager, and since remained in Ottumwa with the company as a top executive; because of ill health in the spring of 1914, Thomas Dove Foster relinquished active management and the business was reorganized in 1915 following his death, with John H. Morrell, president, and T. H. Foster as vice president and general manager; following the death in 1921 of Mr. Morrell, was elected president, a position held until retirement in 1944, becoming chairman of the board of directors, which he held at the time of his death; a leader in the meat packing industry, he also was president of the Yorkshire Creamery company, a member of the board of directors of John Morrell & Co., Ltd., Liverpool, England, and the trustee of the Morrell Refrigerator Car Company; served three terms as chairman of the board of the American

Meat Institute; a member of the Chicago Board of Trade for thirty years and also served upon the board of directors of the National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce, the C. B. & Q. Ry. and the Southern Railroad; a member of the Presbyterian church and Ottumwa's various clubs and civic organizations, and likewise those of other cities where the company operated plants; well-known in literary circles as a collector of rare books, manuscripts, bookplates and prints; collaborated with Malcolm G. Wyer in writing "Bookplates in Iowa" in 1914 and "A Letter From the Fire" in 1923; wrote in 1945 "A Little Journey to the Chateau of the Loire," and in 1946 wrote "Shakespeare—Man of Mystery"; owned an Uncle Tom's Cabin collection of nearly 300 volumes together with first editions printed in America, England, Germany and many other countries, also everything available upon the author, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and her writings, including scrapbooks of Stowiana clippings and autographed letters, gathered over eighteen years and containing 270 items; devoted a lifetime to collecting books; had one of the outstanding libraries of the middle west, containing rare editions, illuminated manuscripts, written laboriously by scribes before the invention of printing, outstanding examples of the binders' art as practiced by European and American craftsmen, and a marvelous collection of books about books; was the recipient of various honorary degrees conferred by Parsons college; survived by the widow, two daughters, Mrs. Harold E. Purdy of Kansas City and Mrs. F. E. McCarthy of Ottumwa, one son, Robert T. Foster, vice president of the company and manager of the Sioux Falls plant, eight grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

CHARLES PARSONS, minister and rehabilitation counselor, died at Des Moines, Iowa, January 7, 1952; born in a suburb of London, England, in 1870; came to the United States as a child and with his family settled at Harmon, Illinois; a graduate of Wheaton (Illinois) college, and Chicago Theological seminary; before entering the work of the Society for the Friendless, to which he devoted forty-one years of his life, he held Congregational church pastorates at Webster, South Dakota, Menville, Iowa, and Byron, Illinois; came to Des Moines, Iowa, in 1909, as superintendent of the Iowa Society for the Friendless, the year it became an agency of the local Welfare Bureau; first work in that capacity was done in the organization's national office at St. Joseph, Missouri, in the early 1900's, during which time he traveled widely in Missouri and Kansas; widely known throughout Iowa as a speaker on crime

prevention, the rehabilitation of the criminal and the need for counsel and assistance for prisoners and their dependents; traveled to schools and churches to explain the problems of crime and criminals, and to prisons and state penitentiaries to deal with the problems, and had approximately 250 parolees under his charge annually; campaigned vigorously for custodial farms for housing and employing prisoners in county jails, and repeatedly attacked the jail practices of keeping prisoners idle; active in numerous national and state organizations during his lifetime; a charter member of both the National Social Workers association and the National Prisoners Aid association, president of the National Prisoners Aid group in 1922, and secretary-treasurer for 17 years, a member of the standing committee on jails of the American Prison association for eight years, and a member of the board of directors for 10 years; director and president of the former Congregational hospital in Des Moines from 1918 to 1925 and a charter member of the Des Moines Health Center, where he was director seven years; surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Tolbert Moore of Des Moines and Mrs. Willis King of Burns, Wyo.; a son, C. W. Parsons of Baton Rouge, La.; 11 grandchildren; one great-grandchild; and three brothers, John of Rinard, Wilton of Moline, Ill., and Alfred of Davenport.

BEN R. VARDAMAN, author, lecturer, editor and teacher, died December 15, 1951, at Des Moines, Iowa; born August 29, 1876, at Clarinda, Iowa; in family records a cousin of Gov. James K. Vardaman of Mississippi; attended Drake university and was a graduate of the Chicago (Ill.) Fine Arts school; came to Des Moines over forty years ago and was one of the editors of the *Merchants Trade Journal*; acquired the *Iowa Clothier*, a local organ of the State Clothiers association and developed it into a nation-wide and influential publication as the *National Clothier*; established the *National Community Magazine*, and devoted a number of years to aggressive community building programs in countless cities and towns of the country, being a platform leader of note and a speaker of force and power; wrote many books on salesmanship and store management, the most widely known being "Master Salesmanship," which unfortunately was not copyrighted and with his "Salesmanship Correspondence School Course" was appropriated almost in entirety by another man in that field who sold his publication widely and is said to have reaped a fortune from it; was in demand as a lecturer and delivered more than 8,000 addresses covering all parts of the country, his creative spirit, great mind, strong character and ability as an orator continued his prominence for years; as a teacher of constructive

business methods, organization and salesmanship, he had no peer, his works being used as college textbooks upon those subjects; later engaged in lyceum and chautauqua work, traveling far in filling engagements, his appearances obtaining large audiences to which he imparted enlightenment and inspiration; a member of the Methodist Episcopal church at Clarinda, the Nordway Masonic lodge there, the Scottish Rite Temple and the Shrine in Des Moines; of recent years since retirement resided a portion of the time with his sons, L. H. of Wapello, and H. F. of Evanston, Illinois, who survive him, with two brothers, A. F. of Braddyville, and Emmett of Shambaugh, and two sisters, Mrs. Anna Pritchard of Shambaugh and Mrs. Glen Fuller of Merced, California.

CLEVELAND KING CHASE, professor of Latin, Hamilton college, died at his home in Clinton, New York, November 27, 1951; born November 30, 1871, in Lyons, Iowa; received his A.B. and master's degree at Oberlin and studied at the University of Chicago, Göttingen university and the American School of Classical Studies in Rome; awarded an honorary degree in 1919 by Colgate university; beginning his teaching career as an instructor at Oberlin, was assistant professor at the State University of Iowa, and professor at Earlham college, Ind., before going to Hamilton college in 1911, teaching there thirty years, and retired in 1941, among his former students being Senator Irving Ives and Ambassador Philip Jessup; a member of the Fort Schuyler and Sadaquade Clubs of Utica; a Presbyterian, and a member of the American Legion, Archaeological Institute of America, American Philological Association, Classical Association of Middle West and South, Classical Association of Atlantic States, Societa Magna Grecia, Phi Beta Kappa; on June 23, 1902, married Helen Younger of Santa Cruz, Calif., who survives with three sons, Cleveland Bruce of Nyack, John Waddell of New London, Conn., and Frederick Peter Spence Chase of Washington.

JOHN P. MINCHEN, civic leader and Carroll banker, died at Des Moines November 18, 1951; born at Lyons, Iowa, December 10, 1870; came to Carroll, Iowa, when two years old with his parents, William T. and Marilla Bean Minchen, the father conducting the first bank there, now the site of the Carroll County State bank; was graduated from Carroll high school in 1888, and first college work taken at the State University of Iowa and Iowa State college, and in 1950 attended the 55th reunion of his class in the latter institution at Ames; from 1893 to 1895 inclusive pre-empted Iowa's last homestead, located north of Manning, and the following four years was cashier of the State bank at Scranton, Iowa; returned to Car-

roll in 1899, living there continuously ever since; engaged in various local civic activities; one of the organizers of the Carroll Trust & Savings bank which he served as vice-president from 1909 to 1920; served as member of the Carroll city council eighteen years, the city park board, and upon the board of trustees of the city library; among the civic projects to which he devoted considerable time was the west city park bearing his name, having presented the city with the real estate comprising the site; married Daisy Sallinger at Carroll July 19, 1900, and they observed their fiftieth wedding anniversary in July, 1950; only the widow survived him, as their only child, John Paul, died in infancy; prominent in Masonic activities and a member of the building committees of both the Masonic temples, one being destroyed by fire; a member of all the Masonic organizations at Carroll, the Chamber of Commerce, the Wild Life Conservation association, and the Carroll country club, being a member of the board of directors of the latter.

LEE W. ELWOOD, lawyer and legislator, died at Cresco, Iowa, December 28, 1951; born on a farm near Elma, Iowa, December 27, 1888; son of Frank D. and Katherine Harris Elwood; was graduated from the Elma public school in 1906, the University of Iowa law school in 1909, and opened a law office in his home town when twenty years of age; engaged in the real estate business in connection with the practice of law; elected to the Iowa house of representatives in November, 1912, reaching his twenty-fourth birthday less than two months thereafter, and no record has been shown that a younger man ever held a chair in the Iowa legislature; served three sessions and was elected speaker pro tem of the house in the Thirty-sixth General Assembly; married to Alice C. Church in Elma, June 27, 1917, and in April, 1926, moved to Cresco, where he formed a law partnership with his brother, Dale Elwood, and in 1933 Gerald E. Lyons became a member of the firm, which since has been Elwood, Lyons and Elwood; served as attorney for the appeal board during World War II, and was a member of the board of governors of the Iowa State Bar association at the time of his death; has long been an exponent of good roads for Iowa, and as a member of the legislature, aggressively supported the legislation from which the state's primary road system resulted; took an active part in civic and fraternal affairs in the community; a member of the Congregational church, the Masonic bodies, the Woodmen and Elks, and a leading Republican in his county and the Thirteenth Judicial district; survived by his widow, a son, Fred of Cresco,

and two daughters, Mrs. William Landholt, Elma, and Mrs. William Jaeger, St. Paul, Minn.

WILLIAM E. DENNISTON, lumberman, died at Newton, Iowa, November 7, 1951; born near Reasnor, south of Newton, on a Jasper county farm, in 1868, son of early-day Jasper county settlers; came to Newton sixty-one years ago when employed by a building contractor; two years later started bookkeeping at a lumber yard owned by the late Fred L. Maytag, owner of the Parsons Bandcutter Co., and later founded the Maytag Company; after twelve years purchased the lumber yard, which he has since operated; formed a partnership fifty-seven years ago with T. M. Partridge of Minneapolis, Minn., and together they gradually acquired lumber yards in neighboring towns, initiating an ownership by the Denniston family and Partridge interests that now numbers some forty lumber yards scattered throughout central Iowa, his two sons, Roy W. and Homer W. being active in the business; one of the founders and a former president of the Newton Home Savings and Loan association, with which he had been connected for thirty-eight years; a director of the Jasper County Savings bank since 1925; helped organize the Newton Commercial club, now the Newton Chamber of Commerce; identified with the United Presbyterian church, where he became ill before his death; a staunch supporter of every civic project that furthered the growth and progress of Newton; surviving besides his two sons are five grandchildren, three great-grandchildren and a sister, Mrs. Lulu Emery of Newton.

JOHN W. RATH, meat packing executive and institutional executive, died at Waterloo, Iowa, December 22, 1951; born February 26, 1872, at Ackley, Iowa, son of John and Elizabeth Mosier Rath; received his education in the public schools and business college; removed to Waterloo in 1891 and with his cousin, E. F. Rath of Dubuque, that year founded the Rath Packing Company, and served as its president from 1898 to 1943, then becoming chairman of the board of directors until 1950, and was chairman of the finance committee until his death: married Maude Harbin August 21, 1895; served as president and director of the National bank of Waterloo, a director of the Illinois Central railroad company, director and member of the executive committee of the American Meat Packers, chairman 1931-34, vice-president of the National Live-stock and Meat Board since 1935, trustee of the Waterloo waterworks from 1912 to 1931 and its chairman thirteen years, one of the organizers, a president and director of the Waterloo Rotary club, member of the Union League club of Chicago and numerous Waterloo civic clubs and fraternal orders,

a Presbyterian and a Republican; survived by his widow and two children, Mrs. A. D. Donnell, whose husband is executive vice-president of the packing company, and Howard H. Rath, present president, three brothers, three sisters, six grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

SAMUEL MORGAN SHORTRIDGE, attorney, editor and U.S. senator, born at Mount Pleasant, Henry county, Iowa, August 3, 1861; died at his home at Atherton, California, January 15, 1952; son of the Rev. Elias W. and Tabitha Shortridge, who moved to Oregon in 1874 and a year later to San Jose, California; attended public schools and the Hastings college of law at San Francisco; admitted to the bar in 1884 and commenced the practice of law at San Francisco; married Laura Gashweiler of San Francisco, August 3, 1899; presidential elector from his state on the Republican tickets in 1888, 1900 and 1908; elected as a Republican to the United States senate in 1920 and served by re-election until 1933; for twenty-five years was co-owner of the *San Jose Mercury-Herald*; widely known as an able orator on political and patriotic occasions; a member of the Pacific-Union, Commonwealth, Union League and Press clubs and the Masonic bodies.

LOY L. LADD, lawyer and jurist, died at Des Moines, Iowa, November 7, 1951; born at Sheldon, Iowa, May 26, 1884; son of the late Supreme Court Justice Scott M. Ladd, who died in 1931; came to Des Moines in 1903; was graduated from Drake University law college and admitted to the state bar in 1909, immediately took up the practice of law in Des Moines, and continued a resident of the city until his death; served as assistant county attorney of Polk county from 1923 to 1926, and then resumed the practice of law with his father, who had retired from the supreme bench; appointed as district judge in the Polk county courts to succeed Judge Herman F. Zeuch, deceased, and was successively re-elected, serving twenty-two years; a member of the Congregational church, the Elks and the Masons, and survived by his wife, Ada E. Ladd, a brother, Mason Ladd of Iowa City, and three sisters, Mrs. John Valerious and Mrs. Bert Mills of Des Moines and Helen Ladd of New York.

RALPH B. HARRIS, economist and educator, died at Washington, D.C., November 7, 1951; born at Cedar Falls, Iowa in 1890, where he received his education; entered the educational field and taught for many years before joining the U.S. government in 1935, his last college post being with the University of Richmond, Virginia, where he taught as an economist and organized an evening session business school; served

with the Social Security Board at Washington, the War Production Board and the Veterans Administration; retired from the V.A. four years ago and resided in Miami, Florida, until his return to Washington last spring; survivors include his widow, Mrs. L. Margaret Harris, 505 18th street N.W., Washington, D.C., a daughter, Mrs. Geanette W. Holmes, of Waterloo, Iowa, and a son, Ralph B. Harris, Jr., of Washington.

GEORGE H. ROBB, legislator and public official, died at Des Moines, October 27, 1951; born in Grundy county, Illinois, February 15, 1881; came to Emmet county, Iowa, in 1892; received his education in the Estherville, Iowa, public schools and the Kankakee, Illinois, Commercial college; married Nellie M. Crim of Estherville in 1902; resided upon an Emmet county farm twenty-five years and engaged in livestock buying at Estherville for a similar period; served twelve years on the Estherville board of education, two years upon the city council and later as mayor; a director of the county fair board and a charter member of the farm bureau; a member of the Iowa House of Representatives from 1943 to 1950, four sessions; a member of the Iowa tax commission since July 1950, and its chairman in that year; a Methodist, a Rotarion and a Republican; survived by his widow, a daughter, Mrs. Evan Higgins, a son, J. M. Robb, both of Estherville; two brothers, Emmett Robb of Berkeley, Cal., and Walter Robb of Billings, Mont.; and two sisters, Mrs. Olive Rugtiv, Oakland, Cal., and Mrs. Hi Kendall of Lincoln, Neb.

E. A. FARNSWORTH, public official, died at Centerville, Iowa, December 16, 1951; born at Evanston, Illinois, December 30, 1877, and came to Oskaloosa, Iowa, when a young man; has spent a great portion of his life in the coal mining industry; served for sixteen years as state mine inspector for the first Iowa district, his last four-year term expiring June 30, 1951; married Carrie Davis of Oskaloosa Nov. 26, 1904, and to this union was born one son, Dr. Samuel Farnsworth of LaPorte, Indiana, who survive, with two grandchildren, David Arlington and Jerry Eugene; a member of the Masonic order and the Shrine, and assistant publicity editor of the Mine Inspectors Institute of America.

IOWA STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND ARCHIVES

Claude R. Cook, Curator
Des Moines

An institution of the State of Iowa, located at the seat of government, established as a department of the State in 1892, and administered by a Curator elected by a Board of Trustees composed of the Governor of the State, a Justice of the Iowa Supreme Court and the Superintendent of Public Instruction. It consists of the following divisions:

The Iowa Historical and Genealogical Library

The Public Archives of the State of Iowa

The State Census Records of Iowa

The War History Division—Gold Star Iowans

The Portrait Gallery of Iowa, exhibiting oil portraits of the outstanding men and women who have contributed to Iowa culture and progress

The Museum Division: Indian, geology, pioneer life, transportation, and natural history collections and exhibits

Publication: *ANNALS OF IOWA, a Magazine of History*

The Newspaper Division—Files of Iowa newspapers and periodicals from territorial days to the present

The Manuscript Collection including papers, addresses, documents and correspondence of eminent Iowans, supplying unrecorded chapters in state history

In the interest of preserving Iowa history, the Curator solicits the presentation, to the Manuscript Collection, of letters, dairies, family histories, and general manuscripts about Iowans and institutions in the area of which the state is a geographical part.

ANNALS OF IOWA

In the more than half a century the *ANNALS OF IOWA* has been published, it has been a repository for, and made available, a vast amount of valuable data on the history of the State otherwise not accessible. The securing of material, and editing and supervising its publication, is a part of the immediate task of carrying on the work of the Department in harmony with established traditions.

Bound files of the publication are preserved in countless libraries of the State, and may be consulted by those engaged in research and historical writing.

